

THE RADICAL.

JUNE, 1867.

RADICAL AUTHORITY.*

"THE authority of a young man just entering the ministry, who shall be understood to speak from no warrant but his private opinion cannot" it has been said, "be exactly measured, but we are safe in placing it somewhere in the neighborhood of zero." Change but one word in this description; instead of *opinion* say *conviction*, and it applies as well to Jesus as to any man that ever served under the banner of the Truth. What warrant had he but his own private conviction when, seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came unto him, and he opened his mouth and taught them saying: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." As yet he had wrought no miracles. As yet he had not claimed that he was the Messiah. As yet no one had heard that he was born in Bethlehem; that was an after-thought. Here he was, a young man just entering the ministry, speaking from no warrant but his own conviction, and flying in the teeth of doctrines and traditions as old as any that the young men of to-day oppose. And yet it is recorded, that no less in view of all these things, he spoke as one having authority, and not as the Scribes. True, "the amount of his authority cannot be exactly measured," but are we safe in placing it anywhere in the neighborhood of zero?

Again, it has been said, and nothing is more commonly believed, "The first and most essential requisite in popular doctrinal ministration, in any preached Gospel, Christian or not Christian, is authority." Let it be granted, and the question still remains, "What sort of

* Parts of a Lecture, read at the Parker Fraternity Rooms, Sunday Evening, April 14.

authority shall it be?" The conflict of the time is not between authority and no-authority, but between true authority and false, the authority of Jesus and the authority of the Scribes, authority resulting from conviction, and authority based on opinion, authority which genders by assimilation from within, and authority which is nothing but a mere accretion from without. Let a man be thoroughly convinced of anything himself, and he will soon enough convince others. But let a man say, "I have heard that this is so," and though the truth he utters at its first publication came hand in hand with twenty thousand prodigies, and he be never tired of saying so, the men to whom he speaks will soon be tired of hearing him.

The principle of ecclesiastical authority is this: "We believe so and so, not because deep in our hearts we see and feel it to be true, but because it is so written in a certain book, because it was so spoken by a certain man whose course had been foretold in prophecy, or who wrought miracles in attestation of the truth of what he said." But can reason be dispensed with by this process; does religion become any less a matter of opinion when a man bows down and worships such an authority as this? certainly not. The contents of the book which has been thus accepted, the sayings of the man who has been thus endorsed, may not be subject to examination, may be assented to in full, but the whole question of whether the book is what it claims to be, whether the credentials of the teacher are sufficient to establish his claims, is one which only reason and investigation can decide. So that it falls out that ultimately the most thorough-going advocate of external authority builds his house on what he calls the sand; so that were his house the thing of rock that he imagines it, it would still by his own canons be a most unstable structure. Take the believer in the plenary inspiration of the Bible. If he accepts this position without thought, without reason, without evidence, it is well and good. But what man will allow that he does so accept it? Ask any one who holds to this belief, why he holds to it, and he will say, "I have my reasons." His reasons may not be very good. He may say, "Because the great majority of people so believe;" or, "Because people always have believed so." No matter. If he has his reasons, howsoever poor, the ultimate foundation of his faith is laid in his own private opinion. His faith may rest upon the Bible and the words of Jesus, but if the Bible rests and Jesus stands upon his reasons for accepting them, are not these reasons just as certainly the real foundation of his faith as if there was no go-between? "Reason or Rome," we say, but in reality there can be no such terrible alternatives. Even Rome has her reasons.

Read Dr. Newman's Apologia, and see if she has not. Not, of course, for this or that doctrine or rite. But for her existence. Now that Dr. Newman is within the fold, he can despise reasons. So can a man who has climbed to the house-top by a ladder, kick the ladder down behind him. But without his ladder he could never have ascended. So without reasoning, could Dr. Newman never have become a Romanist, and now that he is one, it is all very well for him to turn round and despise the means of his ascent. God knows that his reasons were not good for much, but they were, no doubt, the best that he could find. And his was not an isolated case. It is always by the use of reason, that Romanism comes to the conclusion that reason is of no account. So that even of the Roman Church reason is the ultimate foundation.

What quarrel, then, have we with Romanism, or with Bibliolatry, or with men's zeal for an authoritative Christ, if necessarily all these forms of thought are rooted in the soil of reason? How do they differ from the principle of Freedom, from the idea that there is no oracle save in the breast, no possible authority external to the soul? They differ in that the Romanist, and Bibliolatrists, and the believers in any external authority vested in Church or man or book, despise the rock on which their house is built; while those who say, "The soul its own authority," do not. But what of that? you say. If the Scribes, no less than Jesus, ultimately build upon the soul, and only *imagine* that they do not, what harm is done? Much every way, for nothing is more certain than that it is quite as much by what we imagine, as by anything more real, that we are influenced, for blessing or for curse. What I imagine is for me as good as a reality. And if men imagine that they can dispense with reason, and in the place of it set up an external authority, to all intents and purposes it is as if they could. It is very much the same with a man's faculties, as it is with a man's friends. They are what he expects them to be; what he demands of them. If he is satisfied with mean performance on their part, equally so are they. If he expects great things of them, demands of them that they shall be very generous and noble, he is not disappointed. So is it if a man habitually treats his reason as if it were a liar and a cheat. For him it is a liar and a cheat. If he demanded of it something better, it would be that also. If he should treat it as a God, it would at once put on the attributes of deity.

But the authority of the Scribes differs from that of Jesus not only in imagining that reason is of no account, but in suspending it just where the need of it is most emphatic. Authority as vested not in any outward institution or recorded word, but in the reason, conscience,

and spiritual nature of the individual, authority which is identical with force of personal conviction, and which is binding upon others to the extent that one man's strong conviction awakens a kindred strength of thought in other men, this sort of authority which is synonymous with inward freedom, and opposed to all external authority whatever, concerns itself immediately with moral and religious truth. The teachings of the Bible, the doctrines of the Church, the parables and beatitudes of Jesus come up for separate judgment, and are approved, or suffer condemnation just in proportion as they answer to the demands which reason makes upon them, and the felt needs of the soul. Does any person ask, "Shall pigmies sit in judgment on the moral giants of the race?" We answer without hesitation, that there is no way but this. The power to accept truth implies the power to reject it. The two things go together; are inseparable. And in just so far as a man accepts truth without perceiving it to be truth, he is guilty, if not of an *immoral*, still of an *unmoral* action, than which no worse certainly can be said of him who rejects a truth which he has not the gift to recognize.

But while external authority, whether it be of Church, or man, or book, must ultimately rest upon reason; it builds upon this ultimate foundation no walls of reason's solid masonry, but instead of these its gilded house of cards. Justifying its revelation with arguments, and building it upon investigations that not one person in a thousand is qualified for pushing to their best results, yet once possessed in this way of its revelation, it without further question accepts the contents of this revelation as the sum and substance of authoritative truth. The mystic longings of the Shepherd King, the burning words of Hebrew prophecy, must be accepted not because they answer to some deepest need in the experience of him who reads, but because they are between the covers of a certain book. The tender words of the Beatitudes, the kindly wisdom with which almost every parable is fraught, must be assented to, not because all that is best in us cries out, Amen! but because they were the utterances of a man, approved by signs and miracles. It matters not according to the canons of this wretched criticism, how wise, or true, or beautiful a thought may evidently be; it would still be the height of folly to accept it unless its visible certificates be written out on earth, or air, or water, "unless Heaven," as Martineau has aptly said, "will pawn the laws of nature for personal security."

Say I not truly then, that external authority is far more a matter of opinion, that the authority which rests on individual perception of the truth. Do questions which can be decided only by the most

careful literary investigation, questions of authenticity where as the scales of critical judgment, turn "but in the estimation of a hair," there is an end of certainty, do questions of this sort, on which the ultimate foundations of external authority must inevitably rest, offer a fair field for conviction? They certainly do not. Can it be said of such questions, though we make all due allowance for hyperbole, that a wayfaring man though a fool, may not err therein? It certainly cannot. It is the old-time story over again; the world supported by an elephant, the elephant standing upon four tortoises, the four tortoises standing upon — nobody knows what.

These questions rightfully belong to the domain of scholarship, not to the domain of morals, or the realm of faith. They are questions upon which, in any vital sense, conviction is impossible. Opinion is the highest boon that can be hoped for or attained. A fair degree of probability is the bound which criticism of the records of a supposed revelation cannot hope to pass. Not so with questions of moral and spiritual truth. For such truth can be seen directly, and need be no mere matter of opinion. And if it is to be any help and strength and joy to human souls, it must be seen in this way. Even if such a thing were possible as indirect perception of the truth, what would it be good for? Is it not simply horrible, the thought of resting one's belief in God or immortality, one's faith in the provisions of the moral law upon the nicest literary questions that ever baffled human skill. Think of standing on the hill-top in the breezy morn, and watching while the curtain of the mists is rolled away, leaving the landscape open to your sight, and there asking yourself, "Is there a God behind these glorious scenes?" and being forced to answer "there is, *if* Moses wrote the Pentateuch." Think of going out at night under the stars, and saying as you watch their ordered pomp; "There is a God there, must be, *if* the Fourth Gospel is the work of the disciple John." Or imagine yourself standing over a little baby's grave, your own little baby's, if you can bear the thought, and crying out, "My child still lives, *if* Jesus broke from the embraces of the tomb!" In all these cases what an inverted pyramid your faith would be. It would be Atlas with the world upon his shoulders; the weight of all the weightiest questions in the universe poising itself upon an *if*. Faith cannot tolerate such horrible contingencies. Better the blank horror of the atheist, better the certainty of eternal death, than that our God should be a vague hypothesis, that our faith in immortality should be a "pathetic perhaps."

Even if such a thing were possible as the indirect perception of moral and spiritual truth, I asked, what would it be worth? But no such

thing is possible. If there is a principle of external authority, it is a principle in virtue of which truth may be accepted without being recognized as such. But there is, there can be, no such principle. We allow too much, if we allow for a moment that there can be any connection between a physical marvel and a moral and spiritual fact. If Jesus wrought miracles, it proves that he wrought miracles and nothing more. They cannot prove that which is more evident than they; they cannot establish an authority which must, after all, be co-extensive with the truth that we perceive, and cannot by a hair exceed that or fall short of it. The ultimate basis of all spiritual authority other than that which rests on reason and conviction is a miracle; the authoritative church, the authoritative Bible, the authoritative Christ all rest upon this, and between this and the truths taught by these various teachers, there can be no logical relation. The question, then, whether such and such things happened in Judea eighteen centuries ago, as e. g., the turning of water into wine, the raising of Lazarus or Jesus from the dead, is a purely historic question of no religious import whatever. The performance of such acts does not entitle the performer to a whit more of credence than he should otherwise have. "Though one should raise the dead before my eyes he could not on such grounds claim my respect for his statements on matters relating to the spirit." I know that there are certain tests by which the necessity for so-called miracles is tried; as for instance, their restorative and moral qualities. But the first test would justify me in believing every doctrine taught by a certain spiritualist physician whom I know well personally, and whose wonders I have a thousand times as many reasons for believing in as can be given for my faith in those of the New Testament. These wonders are as great as those which Jesus is reported to have wrought, with the exception of the resuscitations of the dead. The dumb speak, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the blind receive their sight. And all these wonders are restorative; they heal and bless, they never curse and blight. But do I therefore believe in one idea cherished by my friend that otherwise I should reject? Certainly not. Equally vain is it to urge the moral quality of miracles as a reason for accepting teachings arbitrarily connected with them. For this test takes for granted that the wonder is superfluous. It rests the miracle on the doctrine and not the doctrine on the miracle. It has to determine whether a doctrine is worthy of God before it can accept a miracle, the only need of which is to authenticate that very doctrine. The principle of supernatural is like a kitten playing with its tail. It goes round in an eternal circle.

What wonder then that Jesus said to one of his disciples, "Blessed art thou!" when he discovered that his faith in him was based on spiritual recognition of his truth in word and deed. It must have been a constant irritation to his spirit to find men everywhere asking for prophecies and signs, appealing not to the revelation of the spirit, but to that of flesh and blood. He wished to have other men believe in him on the same ground that he believed in himself. What he desired, and in the silence prayed for with his hands outstretched to God, was deep answering to deep, God in the souls of other men responding to the God within his own. And when he got this recognition from a single man or woman, it shed such a great joy and glory over all his life, that for the moment he forgot all things less beautiful; the doubt, and pain, and trouble, faded quite away; the jangling opposition seemed to cease, and the whole world to be transfigured in the white light of an experience so rich and strange. "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jonas, for thou only hast not judged me after the sight of thine eyes, or the hearing of thine ears. Flesh and blood have not revealed my greatness unto thee but God himself—he has revealed it by his spirit. This is the recognition that I want. Thy name is rock, and on this rock of spiritual recognition I will build my church, so that the power of hell shall not prevail against it."

The tragedy that was enacted in Judea eighteen centuries ago, was but one scene in the great world-tragedy that began thousands of years before the time of Jesus, and is not finished yet. For as men accepted Jesus, trying him by standards which he would not admit, and against which he protested, and afterward rejected him because he did not answer to their foolish expectations, so has religion always been accepted by the great majority of men upon false grounds, and when their falseness has been discovered, religion has been treated as a falsehood and deceit, and as such men have turned it bravely out of doors. It has been to-day, "Hosanna," and to-morrow, "Crucify him," from the time of Adam until now.

"Some crying, 'Set them up! they shall not fall!'
And others, 'Let them lie for they have fallen.'"

But evidently there has been no fairness in all this. It is absurd to measure faith by standards that it evermore disclaims, and then reject it just because it will not bear their measurement. For the fact is that these standards are not higher than religion, but are the merest pigmies in comparison. They are to it what the poor notions of a temporal king were to the everlasting beauty that lit up the face

of Jesus, and has lit up the centuries. He was not *less* than the Messiah; he was *more*. He towered above the low conceptions of the multitude as towers a giant oak above the mushroom, growing at its foot; but because he was an oak and not a mushroom, the cry went up to heaven, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground."

And yet there have been those in every age who have accepted truth for its own sake, and righteousness for its inherent grace, and not these things or any wondrous verity because they came weighed down with their credentials, showing the marks of nail and spear, making their low appeal to flesh and blood, not to the all-discerning spirit. And these when once their voices have been lifted up in glad hosannas, have never changed the note to that of execration. With them it is hosanna ever more and more. They have accepted truth upon its own conditions; they have believed in God for what he is. They have determined to accept the deepest longings and the highest aspirations of their hearts as proof sufficient of the divine realities to which they point. They know the magnet would not point so steadily if there were not some great attraction centred in the North. So, too, they know that the soul's faith in God, its great heart-broken cry for an eternal sympathizing friend, points to the fact that God is, and that God is to love. So the soul's cry for immortality is the sure *answer* to that cry, the certain pledge that man's life is immortal. So the great yearning of the soul for something better than it has attained, pledges the help of God and all his angels to the eternal progress of the moral life. "The restless search of all the ages after truth, the hurrying discord which makes perpetual war between the heart and intellect, finds here a true solution, and it can find no other. The strife between the heart and intellect will cease when the heart has learned to trust with simple faith its highest impulse, and to crown it as divine." It must learn to take for granted, that as the mountains stand by the power of God, as the sun shines with his glory, so the heart loves and can love only in his love." But until it has learned this lesson, and learned it, too, past all forgetting, the world will go on building up its systems and its creeds to-day, tearing them down to-morrow. But when it builds its faith on this foundation, it will not be removed forever.

JOHN. W. CHADWICK.

A RADICAL'S THEOLOGY.*

THEOLOGY VERSUS SCIENCE.

FROM its very birth as an institution, the Church has assumed an antagonistic attitude towards what it is pleased to style the World. This antagonism is universal, but I propose at present to consider it only on its intellectual side. Thought in the Church has created a body of fixed dogmas generally known as Theology. Thought in the World, by the aid of observation and experiment, has discovered a vast mass of facts, detected their general relations or laws, and by slow degrees created a body of real knowledge, generally known as Modern Science. Like an edifice, Theology is finished and stationary; like a tree, Science is organic and capable of indefinite growth. Progress in the one is destruction; progress in the other is construction. Their principles are contradictory and their methods incompatible, and the conflict between them, deepening and intensifying with the lapse of years, has become a desperate battle for existence. Shall Theology annihilate Science, or Science Theology? Or shall the two be blended in what may be called indifferently Theological Science or Scientific Theology? Are the thought of the Church and the thought of the World irreconcilable foes, or friends under the cloud of a great and disastrous misunderstanding? To answer this question, is the object now proposed.

AUTHORITY VERSUS FREEDOM.

THEOLOGY owes its being to the principle of Authority, Science to the principle of Freedom. Whatever concessions Theology has made to Science (and its very existence to-day is the result of repeated, though most reluctant, concessions), it has never surrendered its fundamental principle; it has always clung, and still clings, to an objective criterion of certitude, a rule or standard of opinion which is external to the soul and absolutely independent of its subjective tests, an authoritative revelation of truth which overrides every protest of individual conscience, reason, and intuition. Its final court of appeal, its ultimate and supreme tribunal, is without, and not within. In the history of instituted Christianity, three great authorities have been successively recognized by the Romish, the Protestant, and the Unitarian churches, namely, the Church, the Bible, and the Christ. The progress of reform has been simply the contraction of

* Portion of a lecture delivered at the rooms of the Parker Fraternity, in Boston, Sunday evening, Feb. 3, 1867, — here partially re-written.

the circle of authority. From the authority of the Church was shorn that of the ecclesiastical traditions, the œcumenical councils, and the Popes ; from the authority of the Bible was shorn that of all but the words of Jesus. Thus the authority of the Romish "Church" shrank to that of the Protestant "Bible ;" the authority of the Protestant "Bible" shrank to that of the Unitarian "Christ ;" and the authority of the Unitarian "Christ" is fast shrinking to absolute zero. The hour has come for instituted Christianity to surrender the principle of authority altogether, or forfeit the respect of the intelligence of the age. To Authority of every form, Science, sole heir of the future, opposes the principle of absolute Freedom, of unlimited free thought. The dream of reconciling these principles is begotten only in the muddiest brains. Authority means the limitation of thought by an external criterion of truth ; Freedom means the abolition of every such criterion. Nothing can reconcile the two, short of the repeal of the law of contradiction. It is the croak of cowardice to say that liberty of thought may degenerate into license ; liberty goes as far as bold and sincere thought can go,—license begins only when boldness and sincerity end. To shrink in fear from the possible results of thinking, is license of the worst kind, for it is to restrict reason and license terror. If the pathway of thought leads to scepticism, materialism, atheism, I will none the less walk in it ; I am not of those who wish to be cheated "for their own good." Away with the faith that will not stand the sharpest cross-fire of criticism and philosophy ! If there is no God, faith is not skilled to create him. Nothing but truth is wholesome, and there is no guide to truth but thought. Science proclaims the principle of freedom, because freedom means observation and experiment, analysis and synthesis, criticism, philosophy, intuition, thought itself : it discards the principle of authority because it is thoroughly unscientific. Every authority is an arbitrary limit to thought set up by thought itself, and that which limits itself may by the same warrant overleap the limit. The craving for external and absolute guarantees of truth is purely artificial, factitious, a mere proof of babyhood. By the natural use of human faculties has Science attained all its results, and it cites no other authority to confirm them ; by no other means than the normal and scientific use of right reason has any truth ever been discovered. The pretence of a revelation other than that made to and through the spontaneous activity of the human soul, vanishes in the clear light of philosophic analysis ; and if a Theology is at all possible,—if knowledge of a spiritual world can be verified at all,—it must rest on the unchallenged warrant of the knowing faculties. This is the ground-principle,

and the only possible one, on which the coming church can rear a Theology which shall be also a Science. It will aim at the propagation of no dogmatic system or finality, at the establishment of no school of philosophy or sect of religion ; it must aim at objects vaster than these, — at the Spirit and the Truth, at the spread of that Spiritual Religion which is ignorant of party and binds all souls in bonds of brotherhood, and at the development of that Spiritual Theology which shall grow up as the noblest in the great sisterhood of sciences. The creation of a Spiritual Science which shall stand by the side of Physical Science as a friend and equal, cannot be the work of one man, but the result of the complementary labors of many men, thinking in utter independence, yet availing themselves of every help afforded by others. I firmly believe that Theology, being truly a Science, and becoming at last conscious of the laws and methods by which, as such, its growth must be governed, will yet vindicate its right to be.

In saying, however, that Science rejects the principle of Authority which Theology has hitherto adopted, a word of explanation is needed. Science also has its "authorities," and pays great deference to them. But authority in Theology and authority in Science mean contradictory things. Romanists believe their Church to be infallible ; Protestants believe their Bible to be infallible ; Conservative Unitarians believe their Christ to be infallible. Consequently the appeal to these authorities shuts down the gate on all further inquiry ; they admit of no challenge, doubt, or suspicion. But Science scouts the supposition of any *infallible* authority, absolutely exempt from errors, even in its highest authorities, — knows them to be all fallible ; it pays great respect to the influence of its great names, but always weighs and tests independently before it approves. Science is greater than any scientist. It invites the severest scrutiny from whoever is moved to scrutinize, and knows no such thing as closed questions ; all questions are open to those who can open them. If instituted Christianity meant no more than this by its principle of Authority, Science would not oppose it ; but we all know that it does mean a great deal more than this. It means that its authorities shall never be questioned or doubted, — that the decisions they pronounce are absolute truth, warranted as such by Omnisceience, — that the individual reason is not privileged to go behind or beneath them, but must reverently cease all inquiry when it abuts on these ultimate grounds of faith. To Science, nay, to common sense, all this is absolutely unintelligible. The authority which is too sacred to be fearlessly challenged, fearlessly examined, and, if wrong, fearlessly rejected, is despotic, and overrides the free spirit which is

the very life of Science ; it is apotheosized Unreason. *The prime condition of Science is emancipation from the tyranny of reputations.* Candidly and calmly weighing the doctrines sanctioned and the facts testified to by the Church, the Bible, and the Christ, Science finds very much to be approved, and also very much to be discarded ; it not only claims the right of rejection, but must and does exercise this right. It is because Theology declares this free treatment to be impious, irreligious, blasphemous, an irreverent and wilful rebellion against lawful authority, that Science emphatically repudiates authority in the theological meaning of the word, and labels it *superstition*.

THE DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE.

If, therefore, when the great truths of Modern Science shall have become the common heritage of all, there is to be an instituted Christianity which shall command the respect and support of mankind, it must recognize, openly and unequivocally, the fundamental principles of Science as the basis of all its thinking ; by encouraging unrestricted freedom of thought, it must build up a Theology which shall be also a Science, while, at the same time, it must proclaim Religion, not Theology, to be its own corner-stone. Hence it is easy to see that it will be far in advance of any Church now existing. It must *emphasize* the right and duty of free thought, not because free thought is itself religion, but because the thinking faculty in human nature is that which the existing churches most distrust and repress, and because religion demands the development of human nature in its wholeness and symmetry. Religion is simply the Godward growth of man ; and the church which shrivels up a human faculty like the arms and legs of Hindoo devotees, is the most irreligious of all institutions. The Unitarian Church has at last joined the other irreligious churches which profess to build up religion, and become, like them, an ecclesiastical reason-shriveller. The National Unitarian Conference has deliberately repudiated free thought. The two Preambles concerning which there has been so much debate, embodied respectively the two principles of Authority and Freedom ; and the Conference, after long discussion, voted down Freedom, and planted itself on Authority. It was promised to organize "Liberal Christianity ;" the Conference has perhaps organized "Christianity," but it has left the "Liberal" out. This is no exaggeration or misrepresentation. Dr. Bellows, the originator and controlling spirit of the National Conference, the President of its supreme Council and its most representative man, has said boldly and openly what some of his followers shrink from avowing ; he sees deeper than any of them,

and fearlessly declares the plain truth of the matter : — " Unitarians assume the name of Liberal Christians, because they allow absolute and perfect liberty of inquiry and opinion, both as to the theology of the popular churches, and their own, WITHIN THE PALE OF CHRISTIAN DISCIPLESHIP. They *demand* of a Christian believer that he shall *confess* Jesus Christ to be his Master and Lord, both in word and deed, but specially in the practical way of recognizing the AUTHORITY of his life and precepts, his spirit and temper."

There could be no more explicit statement of the principle of Authority, and it is the only fair, brave, and truthful interpretation of the twice-affirmed Preamble. Unitarianism, so far as it is represented by its present organization, has its " pale," beyond which there is no " liberty of inquiry and opinion ;" it declares the test of " Christian discipleship " to be the " confession " that Jesus Christ is " Master and Lord," and whoever cannot make this confession is declared, by necessary implication, to be neither a " Unitarian " nor a " Christian believer." The courage and unflinching adherence to conviction which prompted this frank declaration, deserve the sincerest respect ; for the love of freedom is so rife in Unitarianism that it must be distasteful to great numbers. The influence of self-commitment to a public position, and the pride of consistency, are battling with the logical tendencies of Unitarian thought ; but the result is uncertain. I hope, though with diminishing confidence as I watch the progress of events, that the Conference misrepresents the majority of the denomination ; the shrewdness of the leaders is apparently winning a temporary victory. Certain it is, that if the principle of Authority is adhered to by the permanent retention of the present Preamble, a large minority will sooner or later feel themselves excluded from the old communion, formerly so free. Every man in sympathy with modern thought must become conscious that he has intellectually nothing in common with those who limit freedom of thought, — the very A B C of Science, the principle which renders Science possible ; and every Unitarian who more deeply loves the *principles* of Channing than the mere *results* to which their misapplication led him, must soon feel himself a stranger in the home of his childhood. I say it with sadness, — I was born in the old communion, and shall grieve to leave it ; but leave it I must and will, if insincerity or unfaithfulness to free thought is the price of tarrying. Alas for the blindness of vision which is driving the children into involuntary exile ! Not even the Unitarian Conference, playing King Canute by the heaving ocean of modern thought, has force to execute the ambitious decree, — " Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here

shall thy proud waves be stayed ! ” In those rash words, is not *will* more audible than *reason* ?

Science is the democracy of intellect. The mere hint of “ Lordship ” in Science is an impertinence. Reason never bows to will, even the will of God ; she stands upright, though reverent, in the presence of Omnipotence itself. She bows only to uncreated and eternal truth, which is prior to all else that is, and perfect conformity to which gives God himself his sole right to reign. How, then, shall she bend before Jesus, a fallible man, when she cannot bend before the Infallible God ? She owes fealty to truth alone, and to this she bends in lowly homage, wherever it dwells. Those sublime, eternal relations of true and false, right and wrong, which we call the nature of things, are equally a law to God and man. Infinite Will cannot change one jot or one tittle of them ; perfect knowledge of them is Infinite Wisdom, perfect obedience to them is Infinite Goodness. “ Believe this because I say it. ” No, — not if thou art God that speakest ! “ Believe this because it is true ! ” Aye, — though thou art the feeblest child that ever lisped ! To that unconditioned necessity of truth which antedates all date, — to that eternal nature of things of which Omniscience is but the faultless mirror, — let reason kneel forever and forever !

There is no more tender or reverential or loving appreciation of Jesus, than among those who most resolutely disown his Lordship and Kingship, — no more grateful recognition of his services to man, no more enthusiastic admiration of his religious insight, no more profound sympathy with his spirit and his life. Thank God for that fragrance of surpassing sweetness, breathed from the censer which Humanity, the High-Priest, swings before the altar evermore ! But these feelings, finding no fit expression in official titles or canting epithets, are incomprehensible to those who forget Jesus the Man in Christ the Office-holder. Who can call him “ Lord and King,” remembering that every soul, by the regal attribute of spiritual freedom, is crowned Lord and King over itself, and that to abdicate this inward empire is conscious or unconscious nullification of eternal law ? For one, let me accept this divine coronation, — let me grasp this more than imperial sceptre to which the nature of things has made me heir, and strive worthily to fill the throne from which, if I would, I cannot flee.

Lordship or Leadership (I care not which of the terms is used — they equally ignore the autonomy of the soul), from that extreme form of it which makes another’s “ I say so ” pass for absolute truth, to that milder form which consists in simple bias or undue influence, has

been the great enemy of Science, the great curse of the human intellect. It has kept the race too long in swaddling-clothes. Every man who has attained his intellectual majority thinks independently for himself, weighs the words even of the best and wisest in the scales of reason, and rates them strictly according to their weight; he gathers contributions from all times and climes, as material of thought, but never becomes the slave of his own hoardings. Of all misers, the intellectual miser is the most degraded. The expenditure of truth is its only use. The manly thinker, dealing seriously and earnestly with the great problems of existence, perceives that he must work out his own solutions, and that others can only yield him stray hints and suggestions. He must construct his own theory of the universe, whether good, bad, or indifferent, as best he may; and it is inevitable that, if he honestly does the work for himself, without filching from others unverified thought (a theft which always betrays itself), the structure will bear more or less trace of his own individuality, yes, of his own imperfection. But its value will depend wholly on the quantity and quality of the original thought it embodies. As Theology, reconstructed on a basis of mental freedom, becomes a Science worthy of the name, radicals (under which term I would include all thinkers really free) will find more and more in common; but at present, Theology is no Science, and must be begun from the very foundation. There is nothing which can be termed without arrogance — "The Radical Theology," — and I have chosen for this lecture what seems to me a more modest title, — "A Radical's Theology." We must think, and speak, each for himself. Under this name, therefore, I ask leave to present, roughly outlined, as it were, in charcoal or in chalk, a sketch of Theology as it lies in my own mind. It must be brief and imperfect, at the best, touching only on the gravest questions with which life confronts us, and is offered only as a crude first draught; yet, rash as may be the attempt, it may provoke better ones from other quarters, and thus subserve the cause of truth. If it helps but a single soul to a deeper faith, I am more than content that it should be the lowest stone of the temple.

THE GRAND POSTULATE OF SCIENCE.

ALL Science must have a starting point, a primary datum, a fundamental postulate, — something which cannot itself be either proved or disproved, but must be taken for granted in every attempt at proof or disproof. I cannot better or more succinctly express what seems to be the essence of this universal scientific postulate, than by the simple words, FAITH IN THE UNIVERSE. By this I mean an assump-

tion, deeper than any argument can reach, that the universe is a whole or unit, that all its parts stand to each other in the relation of perfect mutual adaptation, and that all its laws are harmonious elements of one underlying, all-penetrating, all-comprehensive Law. In other words, I mean that the assumption of a *perfect unity in limitless variety* is the absolute condition of all scientific study of existence. This cannot be proved ; but if it is denied, all Science is at an end, — all argument becomes self-destructive, since the adaptation of premise to conclusion is destroyed by this very denial. If thought and being are unrelated, thought is null and valueless. It is, therefore, a necessary postulate that, if Science or Knowledge is possible, all things are in harmony as integrants of one harmonious whole. The relation of the knowing to the known, of human faculties to their object, must in consequence be real and not illusive ; something is known, and human faculties are fitted to know it. The question of the “ veracity of the human faculties ” is only part of a more comprehensive question, — that of the *veracity of the Universe*. To answer the latter affirmatively, answers the former also, and furnishes a sufficient basis for Science ; to answer the former only, does not furnish such a basis. The larger assumption, if valid, includes the smaller ; but the smaller assumption is insufficient, unless supplemented by another, and these two are one in the larger. That is, to assume the “ veracity of the faculties ” is only to assume that the faculties are *fitted to know* ; but this goes for nothing, unless it is further assumed that they *do* know, which is to assume the *knowableness of the object of knowledge*, or the unity of Being. The UNITY OF THE UNIVERSE, including both Being and Thought, is therefore the necessary postulate of Science or Knowledge, and without it I cannot see how Science is at all possible ; doubt on this point is doubt of the very possibility of Science.

Now faith in the universe as a unit, includes faith in man and all his faculties, as part of the universe. If his senses furnish a valid basis for Physical Science, as surely do his higher faculties furnish a valid basis for Spiritual Science. I claim, of course, no more certainty for Theology, or Spiritual Science, than is accorded to Physical Science ; but I claim as much. They stand on the same footing, and have an equal right to be. Faith in the universe, therefore, which lies at the bottom of all Science, and which cannot be invalidated without invalidating Science itself, yields directly the grand, fundamental, and exhaustless principle from which I deduce my entire Theology, namely, FAITH IN MAN.

THE GRAND POSTULATE OF SCIENTIFIC THEOLOGY.

FAITH IN MAN, therefore, is the ground of a truly scientific Theology, the soil out of which it grows. I cannot allege any reasons for this faith, because, as I have said, it is part of that universal postulate which underlies all reasons. Faith in the Universe as a Unit is the common basis of all science in general; faith in man, a special part of the universe, is the basis of the special science of Theology. I find practical confirmation of my faith in man, however, in the fact that on this very same faith rests the whole fabric of modern, and in particular of American, civilization. Faith in man, — faith in the nobility of human nature, — is not this the great idea which America was born to represent, which she is fast learning to represent most magnificently, and by the influence of which she is yet destined to renovate and educate the entire human race? She is built socially and politically on this idea of the transcendent worth of man as man, — she must yet be built ecclesiastically on the same idea. Democracy in the state, democracy in the Church, yes, democracy in the "Kingdom of God." The Kingdom of God, as the Hebrews named the ideal of society, is not a monarchy, — the metaphor is misleading, and poorly chosen; it is rather a spiritual republic, in which none is "Lord," but all are brethren, while God is the Organic Law, and Conserving Love, and Immanent Life of the whole. I find, therefore, the spring and germ of my entire Theology in the very idea which is the inspiration of American civilization.

THE ANTHROPOLOGY OF FAITH.

My faith in man is so profound, that in all the vast compass of the known universe, I behold nothing so august and sublime as he. Behind the eclipsing darkness of follies, imperfections, and crimes, there shines a Human Nature of peerless splendor, shooting random gleams of glory athwart the skies of history, and kindling the deepest gloom with ruddy premonitions of the dawn. Through the long line of bloody and multitudinous tracks, stretching behind the hosts of humanity like a comet-train of blackness on the noonday beauty of outward nature, I see threads of gold intertwisted with the sombre strands, — trails of shining foot-prints, that with a diviner lustre out-dazzle the sun, and betray the presence of the immanent Spirit in the march of Man through Time. The rags and tatters of the Actual cannot conceal the matchless symmetry of the Ideal. What rainbow sinks not into a gaudy daub beside the humblest virtue? What rose or lily of the valley loses not all its perfume beside the

sweet fragrance of unselfish love? To learn what beauty is, forget the magnificent adornings of the temple, and gaze on the heart of the sincere worshipper. The typhoon and the earthquake are strong, — but a righteous will is stronger. The constellations of the heavens are sublime, — but thought is sublimer. The blue skies of June are pure, — but love is purer. Man is the grandest thing in Nature, and the Soul is the grandest thing in Man. Faith in man teaches me that consciousness is nobler than unconsciousness, that human consciousness is nobler than brute consciousness, that human intellect is nobler than human senses, that human conscience and human love are nobler than human intellect. The crown of man is his moral and spiritual nature. Faith in man is faith in the best and noblest in him, — the Soul, knowing and reverencing the eternal distinctions of true and false, beautiful and ugly, right and wrong, sacrificing even life itself for an idea or a principle, clambering over the sharp flints of misery, and through the filthy bogs of sin, up to the shining heights of ideal purity, power, and love. So deep and vast is my faith in man, that I cannot be overtaken by surprise at the sublimest outgrowth of human nature. You point me to the Bibles of mankind, — I read noble and precious words, also false and foolish ones, and I answer, — “Humanity is diviner than all its products; there will be grander Scriptures still.” You point me to the saints and heroes of old, to Moses and Jesus and the rest, and I answer, — “Humanity is diviner than all her sons; she is not yet smitten with barrenness; there are other prophets and apostles, other Words of God to come, not less grand, perhaps grander even than these, — who shall tell? Soul is more than souls; human nature is too vast and deep to be exhausted or uttered in any man, even of the loftiest stature. It will take the all of men, throughout the whole of time, to realize the grandeur of Humanity. Look for its limit in nothing less.”

Destiny draws Nature, — Nature prefigures Destiny. Aspiration is the index of the future. Capacity is the measure of ultimate achievement. To cast the horoscope of the soul, read the starry heavens of its constitution; Science, studying the relation of organ and function, gives ample sanction to such astrology. I see in the human soul faculties that lay hold on the infinite and the eternal, — that feed it with the everlastingness of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good; I see a divine hope ever hovering above it, and winning it up to loftier summits; I see it toiling up the steep with immortal aspiration, and achieving painfully a gradual yet real ascent. I see powers that find here as little scope for action, as the wings of the

young eagle find in its cooping shell, or the cotyledons of the germ in the damp mould through which they push ; I see the soul obeying by irresistible attraction the loadstone of Eternity, and rising upward day by day ; I see it moving towards the asymptote of its Ideal by the path of the hyperbola. How can I help exclaiming, with awe and reverence, — "Thou art the heir of the universe ! Who or what shall set bounds to thy upward course ? Surely not the Grave ! Man is too great, too grand, too wonderful, to perish ! The distortions of his character are a libel on the sublimity of his nature, — the two must yet become harmonious, his future must yet fulfil the prophecy of his present. Yes, eternal life is lodged in that perishable body, — Man shall live forever ! Faith in man is faith in immortality !"

ANTHROPOLOGY THE ROOT OF THEOLOGY.

BUT faith in man has a sublimer lesson still to teach. Science has not yet pronounced the Name of Names, — can she utter that one majestic word for which the soul forever listens ?

"The truths of Theology," it is said in a recent able essay, "are not topics of scientific knowledge, but of faith." Such, from time immemorial, has been the plea of superstition, and how shall we distinguish between superstition and religion ? Clearly by Science alone, sifting out the false and verifying the true. The pathway of history is lined on either side with the corpses of superstitious ideas, pierced by arrows of light from the bow of Science. Is the idea of God to add one more to these ? Shall the future rear a mausoleum to the memory of the great hope of humanity, and inscribe for epitaph — "Here lies Religion, the Last of Superstitions ?" From the oracles of Science must the answer come. If the belief in a God is hung betwixt earth and heaven, with no basis but fiction, and no guarantee but "faith," it will share the doom of all other castles in the air. Profounder was the seership of antiquity — "Be still, and *know* that I am God." Deeper is the insight which discerns the coming empire of Science over all the thoughts of men. Is the being of God a truth ? And can this truth be known ? Then the being of God is a truth of knowledge, and knowledge is but a synonyme for Science. Science alone discriminates between Religion and Superstition. "Faith" has been sadly overworked. It is the universal substratum of Science, but cannot be pressed into the service at every emergency, as a "Deus ex machina." Like stalwart Atlas in the fable, it supports the world, but leaves the bearing of lesser weights to other shoulders.

The gravest question of the ages, rising phoenix-like from the ashes of each past solution, is this :—“Is the mysterious Power which fills the universe, a conscious Spirit, or an unconscious Force? Is it Love or Fate that holds the throne of Being?” To this question, I deduce my answer from faith in man, as part of the one great postulate of universal Science. Man is the apex of the pyramid. The conscious, spiritual life he manifests, is infinitely grander than any unconscious Force,—infinitely diviner than any dead, impersonal God. I believe in a spiritual God, because I supremely reverence the spiritual nature of Man, and attribute to the Mystery of Mysteries, the Inscrutable Origin of Life, the highest, not the lowest, that I know. Does any one accuse me of “anthropomorphism?” Nay, not so; I believe in no anthropomorphic God, but in theomorphic Man. I claim that Science justifies my thought. The question is simply between consciousness and unconsciousness,—which is the higher mode of being? To answer *consciousness*, is to put faith in man, place him at the head of known and finite existence, and give him “dominion in the head and breast.” To answer *unconsciousness*, is to pour contempt on man with his magnificent spiritual nature, to place him below the ape, the ape below the starfish, the starfish below the shrub, the shrub below the brick and granite of these walls; it is to invert the order of the universe. Do we mean that, when we call God impersonal? Tell me whether you hold him personal or impersonal, conscious or unconscious, and I will tell you in return the depth of your faith in Man. The higher modes of being add to, they do not subtract from, or conflict with, the lower modes. To the life of inorganic matter, the plant adds vegetative life; to this, the brute adds conscious animal life; to this, man adds conscious spiritual life; to this God adds—what only He can know. He is infinitely more than conscious, doubtless; but that does not destroy his consciousness. To deny God’s personality, as Herbert Spencer has done, on the score of its being a “degradation,” is to despise Human Nature more vigorously even than John Calvin despised it; Calvin believed it fallen from a high estate,—Spencer would make it native to the degradation which is its inevitable lot. With the deepest conviction, I affirm that faith in man is the only root of a high and ennobling and inspiring faith in God.

True Science is the last to forget the Divine Incomprehensibility, or reduce the Infinite Spirit to a “dead certainty.” She supremely reverences that element in man’s being which fills him with a sense of awful mystery, as he confronts the Sphinx-like face of Nature. Into those stony eyes, which never move, or meet with a glance of

recognition his anxious gaze, he peers, and peers in vain ; to those stony lips he puts his ear, and listens with throbbing heart for the answer which never issues from the stern, shut gates. Beauty beyond the power of genius even to hint in the poem or on the canvas, — order and system profounder than the most audacious plummet of physical science can sink, — terrific energy which convulses a world with cataclysms, or whelms it beneath floods of lava poured hissing hot from the fiery goblets of volcanoes, — all this, man beholds with speechless awe, and trembles at his own utter insignificance. His passionate interrogation dashes against the enormous cliffs of Nature, and retreats, like a spent wave, without response. This mysterious Force, which is so fearful in the moving glacier and the upheaving continent, so lovely and ephemeral in the dainty butterfly, so glorious and sublime in the dance of lustrous spheres, — is it a dreadful Fate which rolls unconscious, with un pitying wheels, or an Infinite Love which tenderly responds to the timid upliftings of his spirit? Who shall reply? I look first on the puny figure of Man, then on the boundless expanse of Nature ; and the reply comes inwardly from faith in man, — “If the soul which burns in that petty prison of flesh and bone, and kindles the fires of thought and feeling in that glowing face, has no counterpart in the vastness it contemplates, then let not Man fall down and worship Nature, but let Nature fall down and worship Man ! By as much as Nature is vaster than man’s body, by so much is his soul vaster than she ! A conscious, living, loving human soul, flung into one scale of the balance, will make a soulless universe in the other kick the beam. The fountain leaps not higher than its source ; the sublime consciousness of the soul springs out of no unconscious Nature. Faith in man is pledge and demonstration of God !”

To sum up my thought in brief. Faith in the Universe as a unit, the necessary postulate of universal Science, includes faith in Man, the postulate of a scientific Theology. From this principle, scientifically applied, flow the great truths of immortality and a spiritual God. For me, this is enough ; and for this I claim the sanction of those very principles and methods which have built up the entire structure of modern Science. When Theology has been taught to cast off the leading-strings of Authority, to which she now clings in childish terror, and to stand erect in the native dignity of Freedom, Physical Science will listen respectfully to her claim to equal rights and loving sisterhood. The antagonism of Theology and Science (so frequently and persistently misrepresented as the antagonism of Science and Religion), will then disappear in a just and enduring peace.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT.

THEISM.

"MAKE us a God," said man ;
Power first the voice obeyed,
And soon a monstrous form
Its worshippers dismayed ;
Uncouth and huge, by nations rude adored,
With savage rites and sacrifice abhorred.

"Make us a God," said man ;
And next the voice obeyed,
Lowly, serene, and grand,
Uprose the Athenian maid,
The perfect statue, Greece, with wreathed brows,
Adores in festal rites and lyric vows.

"Make us a God," said man ;
Religion followed art,
And answered, "Look within,
God is in thine own heart, —
His noblest image there and holiest shrine,
Silent revere — and be thyself divine."

W. J. Fox.

WOMAN IN SOCIETY.

OUTSIDE of the domestic sphere, where woman reigns supreme, there is another sphere where her supremacy is equally assured. That sphere is society.

By society I mean something more than sociability ; the morning call, the evening visit, the coterie, the assembly, the ball. I mean something more than general polite intercourse outside of business. The social world includes dress, manners, and polite customs ; it is a world of opinions and sentiments : it has its beliefs, its codes of morals, its systems of faith ; its standards of manhood and womanhood. It is a complete world. It is ruled by women : men exist in it as a class disfranchised. The powers that govern in it are unseen : they sit in secret, in secret they deliberate and frame decrees. Silently the decrees are promulgated ; silently they are obeyed. The reign of authority in this realm is absolute. As I have said, it touches every phase of the outer and inner life. Nothing may resist it. Schools, Colleges, Churches, Laws, are weak beside it. It un-

dertakes and accomplishes what statutes attempt at their peril. It confesses no responsibility to common sense or religion, to science, or to philosophy.

This world, I need not say, is the world of Fashion. This authority is the authority of Fashion. The modes of existence fall under its supervision. It tells people what they shall eat and drink, and when ; how many courses they shall have for dinner, and what shall be the order of the wines ; when it is proper to visit, and in what array. Now it plants a globe of false hair on the nape of the neck : then it seats it on the back of the head ; anon it mounts it on top. On the day before yesterday, it precariously attached to the cerebellum a slight fabric of silk and lace, which it calls a hat, leaving the rest of the head to the fury of the elements : yesterday it piled up a huge peak high above the crown, and stuffed it with artificial flowers in front. To-day it places an elegant little mat on the bump of reverence. What it will be to-morrow who can prophecy? At one time it demands for each lady a circle of several yards' circumference, coupled with the privilege of sweeping the pavement with her train. Straightway, another humor prevails, and the skirt is as limp and scrimp as a beggar's, and ornamented boots are exhibited beneath. The people protest against sumptuary laws when enacted by the State, but when Fashion passes them, obedience is instant and uncomplaining.

The despotism touches the region of mind and morals. Why are women ashamed to be seen in the city after the Fourth of July, and before the First of October? Fashion forbids. Why are women ashamed to be known as earning money? Fashion says it is improper. Why do women saunter about the streets, or waste the time in novel-reading and gossip, instead of engaging in some profitable occupation? Fashion decrees that they shall do so. Why do women discourage their sex from pursuing lucrative professions? Fashion gives them the law. Why do women favor all sorts of conservatism, and frown upon every sort of reform? Fashion is their inspirer. Why do they encourage social customs that are proved to be exceedingly dangerous to the health and virtue of the community? Fashion pronounces those customs elegant and admirable, and they submit. They are in league with fashion and must sustain its influence.

The world of fashion is woman's world ; she controls there ; and her control, as I have said, is omnipotent over both sexes. "She ties her own limbs, she corrupts her own sisters, she demoralizes civilization, then folds her arms, and calls it religion, or steps back and calls it taste." Demosthenes said, "Measures which the statesman

has meditated a whole year, may be overturned in a day by a woman." Montesquieu complains that people "judge of a government by the men at the head of affairs, and not also by the women who sway those men."

Now, what I complain of is this: that America has no social world of her own — based on her own ideas. Women in America have no social position that represents American womanhood. Moving in the sphere of Fashion, implicated in its arrangements, bound by its laws, submissive to its decrees, lending themselves to its influences, they do not inform that sphere with their own spirit, or mould it by their own intelligence. They are subjects then, not queens, — satellites, not sultanas. They take their orders from the old world. Paris tells them how they must dress. I do not complain of that, for they would probably dress very badly, if they did not obey Paris. London tells them what they must think. The old common law of England shapes their ideas of masculine and feminine character, and of the proper relations between man and women. Further back than that, the ancient canon law dictates their beliefs in regard to the rights, duties and responsibilities, of women. Neither feminine ethics nor politics belong to the New World. The pageantry of social life is but an exaggerated visitation of a pomp that has become unreal in the lands of its origin.

The power of Fashion in America is tremendous: it is nowhere more formidable. But it is not *American* power. It is not wielded in *American* interests. It does not confer dignity on American character, or convey the spirit of American institutions. I say, therefore, that America has no social life of its own. Such life has been dreamed of, has been here and there attempted, but it has never been inaugurated. I can remember, myself, the time when a lady, now for some years dead, a lady of breeding and accomplishment, drew about herself the brilliant men and women, and made her parlors more fascinating than any place of entertainment. For young men to be introduced there, was a privilege; for old men to go there was a delight. The hackneyed phrase, "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," was something more than a phrase as applied to her assemblies.

I could mention another who devoted herself, deliberately and with conscience, to the cultivation of such a worthy social spirit, as would bring intellect, elegance, and grace, into the foreground, and strengthen the refining forces in the city. Her house was the resort of people who wished sympathy in liberal culture. Politicians, editors, journalists, poets, artists, men and women of letters, ladies

and gentlemen of the world, were in the habit of meeting for intercourse in her rooms. There one might be sure of finding somebody it was a pleasure to see. There one could learn the latest fact in science, hear of the last poem, meet the newest candidate for literary honors. There one could recruit his intelligence, sharpen his wit, refresh his memory, expand his sympathies, improve his taste. The influence of good women was supreme there, and women had an opportunity of feeling what their influence might become. This she felt was the highest use she could make of her home ; this justified the furniture and the decorations. For this, no pains were excessive, no thoughtfulness extravagant. She would deny herself many things for this. She would save her strength ; she would economize her means ; she would go out of her way to find those who would enhance the attractiveness of her social gatherings, or who would appreciate their influence. This was her interest, her aim. It was a noble one. It served good uses. Other women were ambitious of shining in the fashionable circle, of being distinguished by the splendor of their dresses, the sumptuousness of their apartments, the costliness of their equipage, the delicacy of their suppers. She was ambitious of being distinguished by the quality of the persons who met at her house, and by the brilliancy of conversations in her saloons. She had no equipage ; her entertainments were simple ; the dressing was not extravagant. But women there were women ; intelligence was intelligence, and wit was wit.

Why should not many women in their circles do this ? Why should not all women aim at doing it ?

There are two reasons, which I will frankly state. I. Women are not educated ; and until they are educated they cannot perform these duties they owe to society. They are not educated. The reason why women lack social influence is not that they are overworked ; they have more leisure than their grandmothers had. It is not that their world is larger. The individual circle is no larger than they choose to have it. It is not that the conditions of social intercourse have changed. The conditions of social intercourse are such as we make them. The chief reason is that fashionable women have not the intellectual dignity and culture that is demanded for a noble social intercourse. They lead in fashion, in gaiety, in amusements, in the dance, in the tableaux, in the private theatricals ; but not in conversation. The feminine intellect does not do itself justice.

In social meetings it is observed, the men draw together and talk politics, business, social movements, art, poetry, literature ; the women cluster together, and talk dress or house-keeping. It was a

bad sign last winter, that ladies had receptions for one another at hours which would have excluded gentlemen, even if they had been invited. It is a bad sign that, as if losing faith in their power to entertain, they resort to hired musicians, and even parlor theatricals, to amuse ; hiding themselves behind a piano cover, or a painted screen ; pleasant devices for keeping up appearances when power is wanting.

It is not strange that this state of things should be. According to the last census, as quoted by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the white males were in excess of the white females by seven hundred and thirty thousand souls. In California there are three men to every woman : in Washington four men to every woman ; in Nevada eight men to every woman ; in Colorado there are to every woman twenty men. The disparity exists all over the country. The result of it is that the masculine element overbears the feminine. Woman can always hold their own better by feminine arts than by feminine acquisitions. Piquancy is found to be more available than knowledge. Where women are in such demand for wives, is it likely that the higher accomplishments will get the better of the artificial ones ? Will not the arts of pleasing be developed out of all proportion to the arts of influence ? Why should not the demand for wives that cannot be supplied, and that makes the hand of every young woman a prize somewhere, tend to make woman fanciful and frivolous ? Why should it not discourage careful training ? What merchant brings to the market goods that are not wanted ? Who pays gold when coppers will do as well ? If woman can rule men by their fascinations which are all made to their hands, by nature, it is asking a good deal that they should put themselves to the trouble of acquiring accomplishments which may possibly stand in the way of their ruling at all, and at all events make their rule less brilliant and absolute. To rule in society is a dull and tame ambition as compared with the excitement of immediate conquest by a bright eye, or a sunny smile. The young men do not ask culture, are not attracted by intelligence, are repelled by knowledge. Why should the women supply what is not wanted ?

A difference in social arrangement, too, makes a difference in manners, where such a thing exists as mutual dependence ; looking up and lifting up, respect and compassion, deference and pity. Each has a place to fill, and a part to play. Each must yield something. The weakest have their claims ; the poorest their privileges. But among us, a rule holds that finds expression with vulgar saying — "One man is as good as another, and better too." Each is for him-

self. The individual is all things to himself. He grants no privileges and takes no favors. He is Church and State; as wise and as good as the best; if not, the worse for those who are wiser and better. No king so jealous of his royal dignity, as the Democrat of his title to manliness. To get out of the way, or touch the hat, or say thank you, is a compromise of self-respect. There must be no sense of obligation. Each must take as much as he can get, and give no more than he must. Everybody is gentleman and lady. What gentleman is going to drive this man? asked a waiter of a crowd of hackmen, when an English nobleman waited for his coach. Every man is potentially Congressman and President.

Henry James tells a story of a man at a Western Hotel who quietly removed the fat from his own plate to that of his neighbor, and went on eating his dinner, as if he had done the civilest act in the world. Henry James takes that view of it. For did not the act bear witness to the very sweetest human sympathy on the part of the uncouth native? Did it not testify to the most perfect confidence in his neighbor? Did it not avouch a kindness as simple and cordial as could exist between two brothers? It certainly did avouch that, or something else. This is the raw result of our liberty, which drew from some one the remark, that the only liberties he found in America, were the liberties which people took with him.

This state of things affects the social condition of women. Either they share in this principle of independence, or they do not. If they do not, they count for nothing; and may be spoiled with impunity. If they do, they must take their chance with the stronger sex. In either case less deference is paid to them as a sex. And any peculiar social influence they might have as women, is taken away. Their feminine character is not allowed for.

The condition of woman in Christendom has, from time out of mind, been a servile condition; she has had no status as a person before the law. The basis of our law in regard to woman, is the Roman Code of Justinian, which allowed to the married woman no rights either in lands, goods, or person. She and all she possessed belonged to her husband. Her legal condition was servile. But as if to make amends for all this public and private disfranchisement, woman was allowed to reign supreme in the world of society. A slave in the sight of the law, she was a mistress in the sight of courtesy. Annihilated by the Code, she was transfigured by chivalry; possessed of no authority in the State, in the courts, before the tribunals, she was enthroned queen in the saloon; limited, restricted, plundered, abused by the man, by the gentleman she was adored; the victim of wrong

and oppression in every relation of life which might imply that she was a person, with a dignity that the State must respect and privileges which the law must defend, in her own sphere, as a lady ; a being of grace and refinement, she might exert an influence for evil or for good, which could be felt all through society, and excite either the alarm or the gratitude of Monarchs. Her very disabilities gave her a kind of protection. If Paganism held sway over her civil life, something of the savor of Christianity tempered the arrangements of her social life. If the Pandects held an iron hand over one portion of her existence, the Beatitudes spread their gracious protection over the other. If it was remembered that in Rome she was an inferior creature, it was not forgotten in Jerusalem that she was the friend and consoler of Jesus, last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre. The authority taken from her hand was restored to her heart, and she ruled by virtue of that power which is above any power, the power of Fashion.

How is it with us ? Tough brains and tender hearts are working at the problem of woman's disfranchisement ; shame sends the blush to our cheeks when we think of her commercial and civil disabilities. It is demanded that she shall have the full right to her earnings and her property ; that she shall have the right to self-protection. It is even demanded that she shall have a voice in making the laws under which she lives. Let her be on a civil and political equality with man, we cry ! A noble cry it is ; full of protection, of kindness, of justice ; cry that means emancipation, privilege, vindication of character ; cry that means wealth, sanctity, worth, position, weight of hand and voice, restoration of the attributes which make the individual worthy of regard in the community.

But this movement towards the legal enfranchisement of women, seems to be at the same time a movement towards her dethronement from the pedestal she once occupied. This disposition to drag her up out of her disabilities, is accompanied by a disposition to bring her down from her exaltations ; this demand that she be admitted to the fields of labor, and to the profits of labor, appears to be associated with the feeling that she is to be a mere worker. The effect of educating boys and girls together, or men and women, as is the case in Normal Schools, is, we are told, to destroy the sentiment of romance which naturally exists between the sexes. The intellectual rivalry puts all tenderer feelings to the rout, the masculine and feminine peculiarities are cancelled in the struggle for rank.

The same effect attends the companionship of men and women in work ; standing on the same level with men, dealing with the same

interest, manipulating the same material, running in the same race, contending for the same prizes, women are expected to take the same chances. Gallantry disappears; and courtesy even is discouraged. The delicate respect for women as women, deference to their finer temperament, readiness to grant them privileges on the score of their sex, appears to be on the decrease; utilitarian considerations prevail over sentimental ones.

In a word, as we give to women their rights, we steal from them their prestige. As we grant them a position in the workshop, we deprive them of their rank in the parlor. I admit the compensations:—but I deplore the fact. It is well that women should work and earn money; it is well that they should have their personal rights; it is well that they should have their part in the world's affairs, but in all this they simply show the qualities which they possess in common with men. Their peculiar qualities are not employed; that which makes them *women*, is not called out; we need *women*: we need the power of the feminine quality; we need the genius of womanhood, displayed in places where it can be seen as it cannot be in the privacy of home, under conditions which will call its charm into play, as it is not called into play by any species of industrial or public life.

I know I am speaking of something whereof few people have the smallest idea. No doubt what I am saying will seem to some fanciful, and impossible of realization; I do not think it is; on the contrary, I believe the idea is a very simple one; and I believe it is destined, one day, to come into prominence as part of our social system.

I insist that, outside of their own home, the becoming and characteristic place for women, who have the means, the leisure, and the conveniences at command, is in society. This is their sphere; a sphere which all might fill to a degree; which some are qualified to fill with wonderful grace; a sphere all their own; unused except so far as they use it; unoccupied, save as they occupy it; a sphere which calls into requisition all their arts, and uses them to the best effect.

Everything she has fits for it, and without it nothing that she has comes to its best uses. Look at it,—hers is the beauty of feature, and the grace of form; she has the privilege of beauty; the passion for beauty, the power of fascination which beauty carries. She knows the power of beauty; she is anxious to preserve it; hers are the arts by which it is kept fresh and brilliant to the last possible hour. The arts of decoration are hers too; the witchery of jewels, and of gold; the magic of ring and bracelet and necklace; the mystery of sheen and color; the secrets of dress are hers, the cunning inventions of

that subtlest of brains by which all materials are made, and all modes of fashion are instituted. I say nothing about the marvels of the head dress ; they are beyond me. But silks, and satins, and velvets, muslins, tulles, peñas, cambrics, and laces, bewilderingments of exquisite thread-work, making beauty gorgeous, or ethereal at will, robing forms in majesty or enveloping them in cloud ; all men feel this, if they do not understand it. Harmony of color, grace of form are charms which she is mistress of supremely. Women understand this and use it. But how do they use it ? See on Broadway, or the Fifth Avenue how they use it. Parading it out in the sun and dust ; exposing it to the rude gaze of every shop-boy ; jamming it into stages and street cars ; saving the Street Commissioner his fees, by sweeping the sidewalks for him. What a frightful waste it is, of decorative art ! What a casting of pearls before swine ! What a scattering of fragrance on the desert air ! Were all the bloom, the grace, the delicacy of material, the costliness of art, economized for the drawing-room, it would make the drawing-room attractive as a palace.

Woman holds the sceptre of fascination over men, and whenever she beckons with it, they come about her. Why do men go to the theater ? Because the women are there in their beauty. Why do they go to the opera ? To see the beauty of the women. Why to the concert room, the lecture, the gallery ? For the same reason. Were the beauty of God put in competition with the beauty of his earthly daughters, in the Sanctuary, I am afraid that the feminine loveliness would fill more churches with worshippers than the loveliness of heaven.

Why should not American womanhood take charge of this great prerogative ? Why should this immense power draw the other sex to streets and squares, to play houses and opera houses, to public resorts for amusements, where it cannot be used wisely or well ; where it must be flung about promiscuously, squandered, abused ? Why should it not be gathered up into saloons and parlors, and made to serve the purposes of refinement ? Why should the one place, where it could be used to advantage, be left destitute of it, while the many places where it has no good right to be exerted at all, must see it dissipated in vulgar carelessness ?

The parlor, I say ; the parlor. The use of it in our days, seems to be lost. It is a place to be elegantly furnished and carefully shut up, to be scrupulously dusted, and left to the spirits ; the place of honor in all the house. It means society, it means the gathering together of men and women for friendly and beautiful intercourse. As its name imports, it is the talking place, the place for conversation.

Everything there is arranged for pleasant intercourse ; the seats are soft, the light is tempered, books of art tempt the eye and excite the fancy, the piano suggests music ; books suggest literature, imagination, thought ; the temperature and air are carefully managed. Here is privacy, and publicity ; privacy, for no person comes in who has not a right to come in by invitation or friendship ; publicity, because enough can be collected there to make all varieties of taste and culture ; here people are gathered in the most agreeable manner ; they are thrown together. Intercourse is on short lines ; no strain of voice, no effort of manners required to reach all. The most delicate magnetism is felt at once ; the finest battery plays with effect ; here woman is the centre of attraction ; the place belongs to her. So does the quiet evening hour ; when the cares of the day are over, and the warm artificial light excites the imagination, and gives feeling predominance over understanding, and the heart lies open.

To all this we must add the singular charm of conversation, which is woman's special means of influence. In this women should be the mistresses. The feminine voice is made for it. While the masculine voice excels in oratory, the feminine voice surpasses in talk. It is soft, flexible, distinct. Its sweetest tones are its lowest. Countenance and mein come in to increase the effect. She is naturally facile of speech. Her perception is quick, her fancy nimble, her animal spirits warm and high. She can talk gracefully and even delightfully on small subjects. Her thoughts tend to dress themselves in agreeable forms. A very slight infusion of the intellectual element makes gossip edifying, and gives instructiveness to the criticism of neighbors. The rapidity of movement that makes the talk of women desultory, makes it also piquant, and gives it the power of light artillery. The conversation need not be deep or learned ; it need not be remarkable for any positive quality, and yet it may be irresistible.

Here, I insist, are the materials and the conditions of power. Beauty, grace, dress, personal fascination ; the gift of persuasive and eloquent speech, and a sphere where they may be used with effect. If women would seize their opportunity and master its advantages, they would have control of the opinions of men. They would direct the movements of society ; they would influence political measures more than by having themselves the ballot. Their batteries would play upon the centres of power. Why women, now, carry through whatever they undertake, and they do it by the simple force of being women. They raise the money, they get names on the subscription paper, they manage the fairs at which men are such happy victims. The gigantic fairs which were instituted in aid of the Sanitary Com-

mission, which enabled the Commission to prosecute its work to the end ; which thus indirectly saved multitudes of precious lives ; which thus indirectly again strengthened the heart of the loyal North, these mammoth fairs were devised, planned, and carried through by women.

If women can do so much when their enthusiasm is aroused, they can do more in ordinary existence than they do.

The bright women of Paris terrified Napoleon more than Major Generals did, and to break up a coterie was to him as important as demolishing a battalion. This power of conversation, this wit, this swift-winged speech was irresistible. Not one of those women of Paris had a vote ; not one of them had a voice in any legislative or popular assembly. They were not writers. They did not address the general ear. But for all that they were a power in the state. If the women of America had the same intelligence, the same self-possession, the same adroitness of language, the same keen and piquant wit, they could in six months alter legislation, so far as it concerned themselves. They could change the laws of property, tenure, the laws of divorce, the laws which separate the marriage relation. The women of New York could regenerate the city in a twelve-month if they would use their tongues in the service of their consciences. They could make the "King" ridiculous ; they could shame the magistrates into cleaning the streets ; they could procure reform of the markets ; they could shut up every dram-shop as tight as if a sober policeman stood at the door ; they could make the social vice disreputable ; men would be their willing servants. Husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, acquaintances, would be talked over, and talked under. The parlor would be mightier than the caucus-chamber, or the public hall, or the pulpit. I am not exaggerating. Whenever women try to do these things now, they do them. With little art, with little accomplishment, with small intelligence, and but partial earnestness, they do them. What, then, might they not accomplish with disciplined powers ?

But women can never hold this high place till they appreciate the character that is demanded for it. Why should feminine influence be almost always associated with coquetry ? Why should feminine power be nearly synonymous with teasing and cajolery ? Why should feminine triumphs so often call up the suggestion of wounded, wronged, or broken hearts ? Why should feminine fascination suggest the snake-like magnetism which misleads and kills ? It is a shame : it is an insult to women that it should be so. It is a reproach to womanhood that a power so tremendous should be so tre-

mendously misused, that lightness, foolishness, sensuality, malignity, perhaps, should control that singular and wondrous power by which the female sex hold right of sway over the male. It is time that this dangerous attribute should be employed for nobler uses : it is time that this subtle strange power should be made amenable to reason and conscience ; it is time at all events that taste and refinement had their share in its direction.

Women should be educated for society with as much purpose as for anything else. Will you educate women in order that they may gain a livelihood? And will you not educate them in order that they may become a power? Will you educate them for usefulness in the nursery, the kitchen, the sick room ; and will you not educate them for the parlor where all they are comes into play? Will you educate them that they may teach children, and will you not educate them to sway men? Will you educate some single faculty of theirs for some high employment. And will you not educate their whole intelligence in the arts that employ eye, ear, tongue, hand, brain, heart, in the fine work of shaping character?

Of women teachers, such as they are, there is no lack. Of women philanthropists there are enough. Of women reformers there are quite enough. For the present a sufficient number of women lecture and preach.

But where are the women who are mistresses of the noble art of conversation in which they are made to excel?

This position of woman as a social being in the circle which is her world — is won by culture — culture of the voice by music ; culture of the organs of speech by elocution ; culture in grammar and rhetoric and the resources of the dictionary. The very *mode* of talking is an art worth cultivating. Then the materials for conversation : where do they come from? The dressmaker and the milliner, the jeweler and the confectioner, the cook and the chambermaid, inexhaustible as they are, do not quite supply them. The last fashion will go a great way, but will not quite carry a lady through. What a shame it is that so much eloquence should be spent on belts and buckles ! If women would only talk about small things in a large way, there would be no small talk even about slippers and gloves. To have a hundred ladies and gentlemen in a room, and to have the ladies discuss what their friends wore at the last assembly !

Women should study history, biography, the annals of social life. They should study the living languages, and read the living literature in prose and verse. They should be able to talk about music and painting and sculpture. They should cultivate the imagination of

the great masters. They should be acquainted with the society in which they live. They should know that ideas are abroad. They should be instructed in the current politics of the day.

Surely a social ambition as noble as that I have presented, would carry them through studies as delightful as these. If they will learn a little of all these things without any object whatever, they would learn them thoroughly with such an object as this in view!

A grave responsibility rests on women here. They are not doing their duty. Why is society coarse and flippant? Why do young men seek the company of meretricious women? Why do gentlemen frequent the club, the billiard-room, the theatre? Why are gentlemen reluctant to go into company, preferring the evening newspaper or the evening nap on the sofa? These young men wandering away into temptation, are they not a reproach to the women, who ought to draw them within the reach of their fascination. These nightly frequenters of the club-house and the billiard-room, and of worse places; are they not a reproach to the women, the charm of whose society ought to make it impossible to waste the evening hours in foolishness? The crowded haunts of dissipation cry out against the dark and silent parlors which should be alive with happy guests, delighting and improving each other. Must social prejudices, absurd customs, stupid and illiberal habits, instituted follies, established evils, organized wrongs, exist by the sufferance of women, whose delicacy they ought to shock, whose scorn they ought to encounter, whose ridicule they ought to provoke? Must they appeal to women as being their indirect abettors? Alas, that indolence, ease, indifference, recklessness, should have the face to say for a moment that American women give them countenance. Alas, that a mean consideration should claim women on its side! Alas, that the bitter words, "Frailty thy name is woman," should ever be spoken now! No: no. Be it the noble privilege of our women to disprove them! Be it the privilege of our American women to substitute for them better words, like these! *Truth*, thy name is woman: *Sincerity*, thy name is woman. *Elegance*, refinement, grace, thy name is woman. *Intelligence*, thy name is woman. *Agreeableness*, thy name is woman. *Purity*, simplicity, earnestness, thy name is woman! Till we can say this, or something like it, we shall be unable to say that society is what it ought to be, or that women are faithful to their duties in society.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

GEORGE L. STEARNS.

OB. APRIL 9, 1867. ÆT. 58.

WE can best measure the success of a life by the void its departure leaves in the supplies of character. The food we cannot do without is that which love and justice dispense:—the honor we rely on as we do on gravitation or the laws of numbers; faith that is not to be cast down; valor that takes the post of peril as one would cross his own threshold. When we miss these out of our resources, we know by our impoverishment that what has passed from us was joy and riches. The life that kept back nothing as its own, was wealthier with every expenditure. How strong and free was this liberty to forget what most count it their only safety to remember! No fortune could have compared with this of living at the focus of unsought rewards; in the society of ideas that forbid distrust. No sacrifices can count in our estimate, against *his* prosperity who has held to the last the path where go the hopes of mankind. We know that a faith so absolute that its stakes were without reserve or stint, must have overborne all that makes sacrifice a terror or a loss. Principle is moral genius, sees straight through to the divine mark, and has scaled the rampart before the encounter. And when it is possessed by the divine purpose that is redeeming an age, it is more inspiring than majorities or laws. Nor can these console us when it is gone. We resume our confidence only as we share its spirit.

He has passed from our fields of reform, leaving his plough in the furrow, just where the work was heaviest and the laborers are fewest. The opening spring days that bore away his ripened powers and purposes, are in their large promise but a reminder of what seemed yet in store for us in that maturity of virtue. If public services should have public recognition, his death commands a national tribute such as few patriots could claim. If the cause of Freedom is holy, pulpits should find their texts in such dedication as his, of all he was and had, to that cause. If we ought to use shining examples to prove the power of principles, I know not where we should find the opportunity, if we cannot find it here.

And yet his name is not so familiar to the public as those of men greatly his inferiors in public activity. So easily does thought circulate with us, that great influence can be exerted on the general well-being in an almost unnoticed way. I believe that if the thread of this man's conduct could be drawn out of the web of our history, it

would be found interwoven with every true American's dearest hopes, at as many points as that of any living public benefactor : yet it was so modest, so purely a power of character, that it has left itself no place for official honors. As his life avoided all outward signs of public appreciation, so his death brings no outward signs of national grief. They whom the people honor in that visible way, are for the most part the servants who have but *executed* their will : for those who have dared to purify and amend it, the death bell tolls in the hearts of wise and just men only. It is when the loud applause of a living generation for the political or military saviours who are but lifted on the top wave of a public necessity, is hushed, that the still gravitations of history begin towards the men whose moral pressure has made the deliverance possible. Of this class was he of whom I would speak.

He showed the healthiest capabilities of republican life. He worked *for* the people, and among them, without desiring eminence above them, or favor from them. He was so busy in giving help, that he knew not how to take rewards : so swift to find paths of service that he had no need to purchase positions of authority : so rich in self-help, that he did not wait to be backed by a party, or by any form of prestige, but created his own agencies to effect combinations in the service of ideas, too formidable for any party or patronage, as it appeared, to undertake. His energy outran all imagined opportunities of a private citizen, and built its structures on a scale no less than national ; yet it was incapable of the interested motive or crooked policy that would have made it dangerous to the republic. This intense force of organization had only noble affinities ; it was the remedial elements of society that it sought to concentrate and make effective ; and this for purposes really suited to organized action, and as free as possible from its perils. He was a great conscience, impelled by public emergencies to call the roll of honor throughout the land ; not as one self-appointed to command its files, but as ready to be the instrument it needed, to offer his life to the work it had at heart. He would have to do only with the best subordinates, while politicians are wont to choose the worst. We saw in him innocence grown to man-stature, and mastering the prime forces of society to wise and constructive ends. His benefactions were incessant and unstinted ; we cannot number them, for he allowed no record ; but his best gift was, after all, the meaning that citizenship acquired in him ; a republican faith that ventured everything on the fidelity of the people, and guarded their right and honor as men adore a revelation, yet stood not even by *their* strength or

virtue, but by its own inward law. In a social and political order that astonishes by the readiness of supply to every demand, the resources of pure principle were thus proved largest of all.

It was not accident that made George Stearns unintentionally provide the money and arms for what was called "the Harper's Ferry Raid," but which still awaits a name suitable to its dignity. We hear the ring of those rifles in his swift endorsement of them, — not more courageous, even at that moment, than it was prophetic, — before the Senate Committee of Inquiry. "Do you disapprove of such a transaction as that at Harper's Ferry?" The answer is historic. "I should have disapproved of it, if I had known of it; but I have since changed my opinion. I consider John Brown the representative man of this century, as Washington was of the last; the Harper's Ferry affair, and the capacity of the Italians for self-government, the great events of the age; one will free Europe, the other, America."

A common spirit made these two men recognize each other at first sight; and the power of both lay in that inability to weigh difficulties against duty, that instant step of thought to deed, which makes individuals, fully possessed by the idea of the age, the turning points of its destiny; hands in the right place for touching the match to the train it has laid, or for leading the public will to the heart of its moral need. They knew each other as minute men on the same watch; as men to be found *in* the breach before others knew where it was; they were one in pity, one in indignation, one in moral enthusiasm, burning beneath features set to patient self-control; one in simplicity, though of widely different culture; one in religious inspiration, though at the poles of religious thought. The old frontiersman came from his wilderness toils and agonies, to find within the merchant's mansion of art and taste by the side of Bunker Hill, a perfect sympathy; the reverence of children; tender interest in his broken household; free access to a rich man's resources, and even a valor kindred with his own. They were one in the absolute sway of convictions over instincts. This most affectionate of friends, yielding like a child to every gentle persuasion, trusting with a self-abandonment that was often deceived in its objects, would yet turn to iron at the sight of injustice; and you could force adamant as easily as you could move the purpose his conscience shaped to meet it, or stay his step to the instant rectification, at whatever sacrifice.

Yet this intense self-determination of principle followed his noblest sentiments, and even his practical mistakes grew out of his fidelity to *their* traditions. It was hard to remove any impression they had once made on his estimates of men. His letter, for example, expres-

sive of a degree of confidence in Andrew Johnson, after the meaning of the 'policy' had become startlingly plain, was but the clinging of his faith to that testimony in favor of the official conduct of this person in Tennessee, with which Mr. Stearns had cheered the whole nation in the terrible moment of President Lincoln's death. It will stand on the condemning record to show how generous a trust was here despised and deceived. I must believe that a clearer perception of the state of public affairs would have apprehended that the dangers of misleading by such a letter, greatly outweighed the probability that the hope it honestly clung to, would prove true. But the wisdom of principle is not in always seeing men and things precisely as they are ; nor in making no blunders in policy, but in that definite hold on essential right, which permits the substance of influence to absorb and neutralize all special errors.

He was by opportunity and force of will a great public power ; great through concentration on what he believed to be for the time the one thing needful. This sturdy conscience, pressing wherever the emergency called, holding plot and plotter to judgment, ready with its plan of operation while others were discussing doubts, and with resources to back it, ample to bring prestige to its good cause, but not to be bought therefrom at any price, could not fail to affect the whole movement of the State ; it was a constant factor, and can nowhere be left out of the record. Wealth, honorably earned, seemed to flow into his hands by natural attraction to its right uses. He would give what served to put his colossal plan into operation, then guarantee what more might be wanted, trusting to the public conscience to help him out. He would give ten times his share of the capital for a public enterprise that won his respect, then throw his whole time and strength into the scale after it. Many noble undertakings perish for want of a forlorn hope to fall back on. But his was the swift step that forbade such undertaking to lose credit by even *seeming to need* a forlorn hope. He advanced alone to the rescue, as if a host competed with him for the chance to fill the place. And no man ever rendered such constant help as he did, public and private, with less of demonstration, or even of pause to notice what he did. He must have spent whole average incomes in the mere by-ways of benefaction, yet kept not even a business record of the facts. When asked by the Senate Committee how much he had given to John Brown, he replied, 'I cannot tell ; I keep no account of what I give to others.'

When I recall the modesty of the man, his unready speech, his ready credence to first impressions of men, his frank disclosure of

motive and plan, his absence of policy, his press of business and benevolent interest, I am amazed at the executive faculty which shouldered and carried through such enterprises as his in the public service, and brought the most tangled situations into clear results. We know by the rapid wear of his physical powers, by this haste to depart, as in quest of force equal to his demand, what the effort cost him ; but the sources of his marvellous success lay in the hidden virtue of principles. It was "the wisdom that passeth through all things by reason of her pureness." He approached obstacles with a confidence in his cause which was itself the assertion of eminent domain, and they gave way before a master who entered the field as lawful owner. The magnetism of his resolute will brought every force to his side that of right belonged there. Every man saw there was to be no failure. And New England had put her best into that ideal faith, that iron will, that rare persistence, that power to bring swift uses out of hard material. There was a fascination in his absolute cheer which few could resist. His instant fearless choice of the most unpromising task, because it was the indispensable one, shamed the doubts of others, and was already half the victory.

We owe to his energy the organization of the Kansas Aid Societies, when nothing else could save that first vantage ground of Freedom. We probably owe to him as much as to any other one man the repulse of Border ruffianism from the infant settlements. His success in raising the first colored troops at the North, in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, enforced the demand for a similar work in the Border States, and proved him the right man to conduct it. At the earnest request of the War Department, he undertook to recruit negro regiments in Tennessee. He accepted the task not only as a free service to the state, but at greater personal sacrifice in other respects than any but his nearest friends were aware of. And what a task it was ! What inherent difficulties and dangers ! What public apathy ! And then the yet unsolved problem of the slave's capacity for war ; — and worse, the doubtful faith and honor of the Government towards him ! The Department threw the whole burden on the shoulders of Major Stearns, yet failed in due furtherance and even in decent personal respect ; and finally, when a noble success had been achieved in despite of these drawbacks, this laborer, whose disinterestedness was only equalled by his efficiency, was fain to retire, on the above-mentioned grounds alone, from a worse than thankless service. The hand that can resume the dropped threads of that enterprise, has not yet been found. He had put an end to the barbarities of the system he found prevailing at Nashville ; to impressment of

laborers, to the extortion of toil from unpaid, ill-fed, half-clad slaves. He had supplied the lack of Government aid by means raised at the North by private subscription. He had established colored schools, and sought to awaken the self-respect of the citizen when he gave the soldier the arms and flag of the Nation. From his office had come the petition of a body of slaveholders for immediate uncompensated emancipation in Tennessee. And in four months he had raised ten regiments at a cost of a little over twelve thousand dollars!

Fresh organs were needed for the diffusion of radical anti-slavery sentiment. Mr. Stearns hastened to do alone what party resources had not sufficed to attempt. He contributed thousands to establish the *New York Nation*, and for some time carried the whole expense of the Boston *Commonwealth*. His last enterprise of this sort was to issue his '*Right Way*,' a paper ably conducted in the interest of just reconstruction, during the recent conflict between Congress and the President, and to distribute it, broadcast and free, sixty thousand copies a week, over the whole country! He even organized the friends of Impartial Freedom as far as he was able, from Maine to Kansas, to further his efforts to diffuse the saving light. It was the boldest and most original undertaking of private civil patriotism during our great struggle, and surely of inestimable benefit.

This work was at the centre. The initiative he took in each of these ways led him into historic prominence in the most important events of the War of Emancipation. Wherever a landmark of our deliverance shall attract the feet of grateful generations, there will they find his record. His zeal for Kansas brought him to the side of John Brown. His labors in Tennessee opened that reinforcement of the loyal cause by the Southern negro, which put us right, and gave us the victory. From this, not from the Proclamation, dates the emancipation of the slave. His efforts to unite loyal men in the diffusion of just principles of reconstruction were the most distinct step in that common understanding between the loyal sections to which we must henceforth look for the preservation of all that we have gained. We must not think that social regenerations like this of American Democracy depend on special persons or special occurrences. They are, of course, predestined in the movement of great laws of character and progress. But the special persons and events do hang upon one another; the steps of advance are the steps of individuals moving by impulse from other individuals, and imparting movement to yet others. And when we reflect how rare and fine was this one man's work, how peculiarly it was work, which no other

could be found to do, and how it always planted him at the heart of the hour's need, we may well ask, whether we should have had the boon of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, but for the swift and utter faith of George Stearns in this Man of the Hour : whether the negro soldiers would have come up out of the prison house, in season for such swift rescue as they have brought our faith and cause, but for his haste to seize the first opportunity at the Southwest, as Saxton and Higginson did at the South, and his energy to work it out in face of discouragements that would have daunted military men : whether the best Northern sentiment would have even yet reached a decent common understanding and unity of purpose, but for the untiring efforts of this one enthusiast in all ways possible for a citizen, for the last ten years.

I cannot think I am claiming too much for the influence of a force like his, devoted during all that time, without stint or rest or swerving, to the ideas with which the nation is in travail. Hardly has any man, for example, given greater personal stimulus to faith in the capacity and loyalty of the black race at the South. His ample and impressive testimony to their self-help in Tennessee came to us at a critical moment, when as yet we knew little on the subject but by the faith that few men shared. Here as elsewhere in the doubtful passages of our march, his was the cheerful shout of the pioneer from far in the wilderness good men would fain see explored, — "Come on, the right way is a clear way!"

It was fortunate that great resources were at the command of such instincts and convictions ; fortunate too that the utmost furtherances of home were in the background of these intense labors. Not less noteworthy were the intellectual attractions exercised by his character. The leaders of thought took counsel together at his board. Personally intimate with scholars, artists, philosophers, religious reformers, he mediated between the best American thought and the popular life that awaits this as its own natural expression ; bringing the two together by that ancient path of sacrifice which alone can effect the union.

He showed how loose and superficial is the common talk about "getting" and "having" religion. He did not possess, but *was*, religion. His impulse was to be, rather than to know, or even to believe. His faith in God was so organic that he could make no confession of it, but did God's earthly work as one breathes, or smiles, or hopes, or loves. His great conscience was no hard law, but spontaneous — the set of his inmost desires. It did not in any wise *enforce*, it *expressed* him. Justice was so reconciled with love, that it took all his

gravitations with it ; and he never seemed so strong and free as when he was laying out paths for the rectification of public evils, which most men would have thought it intolerable service of the hard master even to plan. I do not mean that you could detect no sense of loss in this endless sacrifice of such private opportunities and hopes as his ; but you would say that he had full liberty to use his utmost resource in the ways that cost him most in this kind, *upon his own motion and choice*. He gave his time and society without murmuring where there was least sympathy or tolerance even, for his moral tastes. It was strange to find this straightforward man, to whom intrigue and selfish policy were so alien, constantly behind the political scenes, in the secrets of party management, familiar with the motives and moves of public men most unlike himself ; knowing *that* by personal eyesight, which good men dreaded to hear of, and were most loth to believe. Yet this jar of contact with uncongenial qualities, did not shake his faith in man, or in the purpose which sent him to breast such experience. The personal idols of the best people fell before his moral tests, perhaps not always calmly applied in the collisions of such a life, yet far more so than is wont with public men. His report, given without animosity or pretension, would often darken your cherished trust in statesmen, and prepared you for tidings which took most by surprise. Yet this sharp insight into the resources of the enemy and the short-coming of the public guardians, had no power to intercept his hope. And in the darkest day you could be sure that one watchman, who knew the worst, would be seeing light through the clouds, and had plucked a divine secret from the defeat or delay. You could not be optimist enough for this faith that was bearing all burdens at their full weight. They were but manly disciplines for the philosophy of reform which belonged to his constitutional make and texture.

The churches could add nothing to such a man ; the best they can do is to put others on the tracks that lead where he is found. Creed was dissolved in conduct. Nor had he leisure for speculations he did not need. One who could not find the Eternal Gospel in the lines of his life, in the unfailling prophecy of good, in the warmth and constancy of friendship, in the great love and pity, in the leaving all to follow the noblest aim, — surely could not be taught it, though one rose from the dead. He was used to the language of deeds rather than of words ; and if he had been asked to put his faith into the fewest terms, I think he would have laid his hand on some little child in the freedmen's school, and said : ' My faith is *here* : in the virtue that can bring out of *this* what the Maker meant by it.'

Although no theologian, he had the sum of theology in his faith in the adequacy of human nature to reveal the living God through its moral laws and spiritual intuitions. His sense of holy uses in the familiar order of nature was no soil for the notion of miracle to root in. He had such loyalty to the mastership of principles that he needed no other master. It was a religion of that democratic virtue which becomes American life ; holding personal manhood the nearest presence of God ; believing that the Spirit has its purpose with us *now*, beyond the possibilities of the past. He had such pure respect for the freedom of the Spirit's movement in the private soul, that in all his zeal for combination, he never proposed, as the sects do, to organize that.

The church, as an institution, did not interest him ; he knew well enough that a true man carries prophet and covenant within him, and makes his communion where he goes. He had seen what spiritual management and timeserving means when he wrote, nearly twenty years ago, — "The word of God shall not come to me through a key-hole." He became a comeouter, not only that he might strike where the blows of reform were most needed, but because no other choice was left his self-respect. But he was swift to recognize the new birth of religion and politics in free churches and just laws. "In despair of a true church," thus he wrote me in 1866, "I established in my own home my altar of sacrifice. In despair of justice from our government, I became with John Brown an outlaw. But I now see the possibility of a partial reign of justice and truth both in church and state, with the promise of future progress." Words tempered with a wise distrust of institutions, yet full of genial recognition towards the new hope.

This calm concentrated man shone inwardly with all sweet and cordial impulses. He was competent to full appreciation of that ravishment and passion that makes the hero, the reformer, the prophet, the saint. He had a central instinct for the Beautiful, apt to see in flower and statue hints of the divine ideal he would awaken in every soul ; though his æsthetic faculty found little time for the rich resources that constantly awaited it at home, during the toils of the last few years. His nature was incapable of descent from its proper refinement ; and that frank, downright, at times abrupt manner was charged with tenderness as it was with integrity ; only of late, as the cares multiplied, it grew too serious for a jest, almost for a smile. He brought slave and exile with him when he came, and his presence was a summons to the instant work of redress, a rebuke to all frivolity, all reserve of means from their best uses. Yet there was nothing

obtrusive in his claims. With so much need of your contributions, he never offended by persistent asking. Though agents he could trust were the crying demand of every hour, he would not urge you from your chosen sphere ; he would not "use," nor exploit, you. You must offer *yourself* to the work, as he had offered. I never knew an organizer, who had such respect for the independence that would not be organized. His disinterestedness was chivalrous. For all the public services he rendered I am safe in saying that not a dollar was ever asked or taken.

He could refuse no true appeal. We had come to look for this name as a guarantee of the worth of petitions offered to our sympathy for the poor and oppressed. One who could obtain his endorsement, had access to the conscience and heart of the country. The figures that gather round his unpretending form, in the picture his life bequeathes us, are exiles and martyrs, with their wives and little ones ; friendless boys and fugitive slaves ; worn soldiers of the republic ; freedmen with the musket, the school book, the ballot, the title deed to land. From furthest Kansas to Italy and Hungary, his memory will inherit the blessings of those, whose blessing makes immortal.

For it is of such goodness that it was said of old, — "It is known of God and with men. When it is present men take example at it, and when it is gone they desire it. It weareth a crown and triumpheth forever, having striven for undefiled rewards." "Eyes was it to the blind, and feet to the lame ; and a father to the poor. And the cause of the unknown it searched out. It brake the teeth of the wicked and plucked the spoil from his jaws. Its root was spread out to the waters, and the dew abode on its branches. Men waited for it as for the latter rain ; and the light of its countenance was not cast down."

No victories nor treasures can console us for the departure of such a life. Though in the noon only of its harvest, it has not passed too soon for its worth to be duly estimated ; and it saw the dawn of the retrieving day for which it toiled. But a place is vacant whence indispensable moral supplies were flowing, and which no patronage can fill. There is not an official in these States whose hand was not stayed from injustice or strengthened to right service by the steadfast pressure, direct or indirect, of that private will. Not a leader or worker in any just reform who does not lose by its withdrawal. Our greatest tasks are yet before us ; reconstruction, right guidance, education, communion. How will the indomitable man be missed, who shrank from no difficulties in this kind, nor ever suffered his purpose

to fail for lack of devotion or resource ; For a nation there is no loss like that of citizens who show that principles are power. Yet it is true also that there is no gain so great for a nation as to have possessed such citizens ; no gain so great for its young men as to have seen such manhood and such success. What guarantee of republican faith is in them, what advance of the republican ideal ! This well-born and well-bred soul was the natural outgrowth of our civilization. Democracy was the strength of every fibre, the stress of every current. His work so well done, his vacant place will be a summons to all noble ambition, and draw to clear purpose the old resources, the new reinforcements. Nor must we grant that ties are severed which were no less dear to the helpful workman than to the cause he served. With death begin mysteries of spiritual succor, incomes of the higher quality in that their path is interior and invisible. And the virtue that went out from this life must deepen and widen its current as the story of our time becomes better known. The feet that sought no high places are to tread the holy places of the nation's heart. For he shall not lose his reward.

"Who cared not to be great,
But as he served or saved the State."

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

CHARACTER.

THE sun set, but set not his hope :
Stars rose ; his faith was earlier up :
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye ;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again :
His action wore such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of the feat.

— Emerson.

"IN THE WAY."

SOME months since, a writer in the *Religious Monthly* asked: "Is Christ *in* the way, or *the* way?" This question seemed to have been put with the expectation that it would be embarrassing for those who, of late, have had somewhat to say against the authority of Christ, to answer it. It was bringing the case to a fine point. "Please to answer, gentlemen, if not *the* way, then, is he *in* the way? Say you so?"

One does not like to be thus rudely thrust upon an alternative, and have rudely to answer, "Yes, we *do* say so." But since our Christian friends feel themselves entitled to so direct and emphatic a reply, it should not be withheld. Let it be said, then, for the good purpose of a fair understanding: "Your Christ is in the way, and much in the way. The genius of our age, the Reason of the New World, repudiates the Christian system!"

Of course, those who stand ready to cry, "You deny Christ, and *therefore*, you deny all virtue," will make the most of every such confession. It is right. They must, of necessity, so acquit themselves to their own consciences. Christianity bounds and fills their horizon. Give them all charity. Let them say what they will. The most any man has to do is to utter his convictions. These will bring what they are worth. If much obloquy, that is as good as anything else. It has even been pronounced a 'blessing.' It can be made such by good temper and patience.

But the question is, of what is this Christ in the way? We reply, of every man's own manhood. Jesus seems to have felt this, as he looked upon his little band of weak disciples, and said, "IT IS EXPEDIENT FOR YOU THAT I GO AWAY." They depended on him to that extent he had no faith in them. He stood in the way of their own natural strength. He must leave, and thus 'prepare a place' for them. "In my father's house are many mansions." This house is the universe. There are as 'many mansions' in it as souls. Each soul is to take possession of its own, and there have no superior. To thrust Christ (the official) between a man and his own soul, is to rob him of his soul altogether: he is thus cut off from the source of his power. Enthusiasm for a person has no such grand control of a man as has enthusiasm for an idea. The masters have all been led by ideas, the disciples by persons. The master 'takes a bee line for the cross,'—the disciple forsakes him. Bestow the highest encomium on Jesus; call him Master, Lord, Christ, God; it

is all foreign to our spiritual needs. Our own natures are sacred. We are not servants, save of the 'inner light.' Here again we might quote Jesus's accredited words, "Henceforth I shall not call you servants, but I have called you *friends*."

Stripped of the pretentious dress of supernatural piety, the naked and simple question remains, How much Man? Man is himself the problem, and every man is to solve himself. The question of rank is trivial. The energy bequeathed by a trust of ourselves, of the laws of our own being; increasing the freedom in which these shall perform for us their highest office; conducts us safely in the ways of life, and yields all of manhood there is in store for us. It is given us to create the highest within ourselves. We need not be alarmed if by to-morrow at twelve o'clock we are not 'saved.' We need not be saving ourselves at any time. But, each at his proper work! lost in that, he will find himself, and peace.

The influence of good men is felt, though they are not seen. They *live* not in their biographies. There we get, at best, barren and meagre accounts of men. Their lives are a transmitted influence: each blending with the other, they increase the impersonal moral force which steadily gains control, in new degree, as the life of the race proceeds. It is the oxygen of our moral atmosphere. It does not depend on any or all of the critics. It cannot be bottled and labelled, "Plato!" "Socrates!" "St. Paul!" "Jesus Christ!" or with any modern name, however famous. It is more than them all. It is itself vitality, and needs no preserver. We are all moulded by the invisible power of this Spirit which nothing can resist or destroy. But only as it becomes a part of us: hence, our own. It steals into our being without ceremony. It is there, and we know not whence it came. It is the gift of Humanity; not of one hero. All the hero-worshipper hath is the semblance of a life. He is the echo of another. We need not to know so much about great men, as of those things which make all men great.

Jesus, as the Christ, is not alone in the way. The same unmanliness, or weakness, bows before other Christs, and transfers the worship. It is said some have fallen before Theodore Parker as though he were a modern Christ. This is as pitiable as any other fall. Parkerism is not better than Christism. But Parker, no more than Jesus, is responsible for any undue reverence paid to him. Neither could command it, or prevent it. We have ourselves only to blame. It is a despair of ourselves; a want of patience, and sticking to the purpose of our life; a lack of respect for the judgments we form, of the thoughts we think. True, these thoughts may be poor, inferior

to those many another receives. But such as they are, they are ours for the time, and we prepare ourselves for others by the welcome and trust we extend to these. If we do not honor these, which are our best to-day, we fail altogether ; for every to-morrow is then another to-day. There is an intellectual gymnastics as serviceable as any other ; the same is also true of morals. The moral nature grows by improving upon itself. But if one has no *self* of this kind, if he is but acting the part assigned him by another ; he fails of any natural substantial growth, and wears out acting.

How many but repeat the ludicrous character of Polonius in the play of Hamlet, yet so gravely, and with such airs of religious respectability, we are forbidden to laugh. Yet see what a farce it is :

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

What paraphrases of this conversation does history suggest.

Now, if our day has any new lesson, it is that of self-respect. We object to being captured, led away, and drilled for army service, however rich the plunder. We know that we can serve no spiritual cause in that way. We witness daily, the failure of great religious organizations. Out of the ranks men quietly walk to put their full force into some individual work. Each seeks freedom to follow his own highest impulse. It is a blind judgment that pronounces this action *selfish*. Such work can be done with a public spirit as truly as the other. Every such man knows that his true work will enrich his fellows. He could not withhold its benefits, if he were disposed to.

The religious impulse of the time seems to be to throw away whip, and sword, and banner, even. No more long processions. No more great "Captains of Salvation." God has finished with us as babes. He will no longer hold us up, but is withdrawing all outward supports. He does not now seem to say, "This is my beloved son" ; but "These are my beloved principles, my well-considered laws." It leaves us in bewilderment for the time being. It puts us on hard fare. But it is the fresh start of the race for greater power and nobility.

EDITOR.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

A SECOND ARTICLE IN REVIEW OF "ECCE HOMO."

IN a former article, the present writer endeavored to show that the author of *Ecce Homo* had failed to conceive of Christ's person and office with that representative breadth, which is due to them in virtue of their relation to the infinite, rational Spirit, that pervades the world. It was affirmed that this failure arose from confounding with this Spirit the literal and temporal Jesus of Nazareth, and that this confusion not only vitiated the general conception of Christ and his work, but the treatment of the chief details by which that conception was complemented. It is the object of this second article, to make the latter part of this assertion good in respect to the most significant of those details — the so-called Temptation of Christ. This will be attempted by setting in contrast with our author's view of this event, that view which the character of Christ's office appears to demand, rather than by any negative criticism at length.

Our author's view may be briefly stated as follows: he defines the Temptation to be the tumult excited in the mind of Jesus by his first becoming conscious of miraculous powers; the triumph over it lay in his abiding resolve neither to use these powers for any personal ends, nor to secure by force the universal kingdom he had conceived, and was bent on founding.

This interpretation, striking and original as most readers have considered it, obviously hinges on Christ's possessing miraculous powers. Manifestly, then, even supposing such possession the fact, it reduces the Temptation to an experience wholly peculiar to Jesus. It does not place him in a situation at all representative. Since it is in the very conception of miraculous powers, that they shall distinguish Christ from ordinary men, it follows that, in any experience respecting such powers, he must be divided from mankind, and exiled to his own individuality. Though by the bare *fact* of temptation he be united with men, still in the *form* of his temptation — by which alone its meaning is tested — he is isolated.

Now, on the contrary, the proof of the true interpretation should consist in its giving to this event a character representative and universal. Whatever cardinal crisis be hinted at in this memorable phrase of the gospels, certain it is that we have to deal with an epoch in the life of *Christ*. We deal, that is, with an epoch in the life of him, who stands as the central Figure in that historical development, co-extensive with the human race in which God realizes Himself in a community of individual persons. We deal with an epoch in the life of him who holds this central position, because he is the first among men to rise to that universal form of consciousness, which identifies man with the absolute Consciousness — an achievement which constitutes him the Representative Person, pre-eminent Son of God, by being, in this large sense, the Son of Man. A critical experience of Jesus, thus become Christ, is a critical experience for man-

kind. Its meaning will prove to be literally representative, and its form completely prophetic of the supreme trials to which men are liable, and before which they fall in their endeavors to realize the idea of the race. In attempting to interpret it, we must look to find in it, while we trace its natural rise out of the circumstances of Jesus, the type of those paramount and universal collisions which alone render it significant for man.

Can we determine what these collisions are? Is there any one spiritual dilemma — any one antagonism of the elements in the human being — which, by virtue of summing up, or holding in germ all other possible ones, may be justly called universal? We believe that there is, and that it is *the dilemma of Nature and Spirit* — the seeming antagonism between the two supreme constituents, not only of the human being, but of all being — between the phenomenal, physical Form, and the self-conscious, Substance, which must be assumed as its logical grounds. It is by taking one or the other of these *abstractly* — that is, apart from its real relation to the other — that man brings within himself all his conflicts, logical or moral. It is by assuming that his body, in its relations with the physical world, is his end and real being, that he comes into collision with the moral consciousness which is fundamental in his spiritual being; it is by assuming that his soul is the sufficient theatre of its own action, and must become independent of the body, even at the cost of destroying it, that he comes into collision with his practical judgment, and the instincts which bind him inseparably to kindred, to busy streets, and to the woods and fields. In one or the other of these assumptions, made either consciously in thought, or unconsciously in conduct, will be found the essence of every error, and of every sin of which man is capable. By the one, he becomes sensual, by the other, ascetic. To live in either, is to be temptable. He must rise to the knowledge and practice of that Real Being — that *universal* truth — in which these abstractions disappear, before he can set his disquietude at rest.

From these premises, we can advance at once to the statement of what the Temptation probably was. To make it consistent with the universal experience which Christ must be supposed to have, we can now see that it must have been the mental conflict through which Jesus passed in ascending out of the last confines of a consciousness more or less individual, and therefore but partial, into one universal, and therefore capable of standing for personality *as such*: that is, it was the struggle in passing from that limited scheme of reflection, where each man sees the universe merely in the settings furnished by his own peculiar experience — a scheme in which, therefore, no man can perfectly agree with any other, or even with himself permanently — to that unconfined insight to which the constituents of Being appear in their real relations, forever self-consistent, having absolute truth. In other words, it was the consummating struggle, by means of which Jesus passed out of being merely Jesus of Nazareth into being Christ.

His victory in it consisted in his finally solving the contradiction into which the individual mind is sure to fall, whenever it attempts to explain, or to regulate existence, on the supposition that the universe is Two instead

of One — that Nature and Spirit, Form and Substance have, *in themselves as distinct*, any real being or validity, whatsoever.

Such is the meaning, which we believe that the biographies of Jesus, when read in the light of a true philosophy of man and his development in history, themselves express. It is quite obvious that this meaning alone comports with the logical idea *a priori* of Christ's person and office; but what we have to do is, to show that the natural interpretation of the narrative gives out the same meaning. Before entering upon this task, however, let us get a fuller understanding of what this meaning is.

Nature, then, conceived as its own end *to itself*, is the annihilation of Spirit — the dissolution of the universe into a countless series of particulars, having nothing but difference, and, therefore, each nothing, — the dissolution of mankind into a mob of individuals, having nothing in common, and, therefore, each utterly selfish: accordingly, in annihilating Spirit, it annihilates itself. Spirit, conceived as its own end *in itself*, is the annihilation of Nature — the confusion of all real beings in an undistinguishable vagueness, — the absorption of real men into an indefinite humanity, and that into an indefinable, so-called God: accordingly, in annihilating Nature it annihilates itself. Thus, Spirit and Nature have no separate being. But if so, and if in their correlation they exhaust the sum of Being, and leave no ground for themselves beyond, how is either to be justified in thought, — or, indeed, has not all truth become impossible?

This is in the logical aspect, the supreme contradiction — the collision of collisions. As we have already hinted, it enters into all the conflicts, imperfections and sins of human life, — the source of all and the explanation of all. The quarrel of each man with his fellow, of the individual with society, the riot of selfishness, the conflicts between the offspring and the family, between the family and the state, between the state and humanity — are only different forms of the one all-pervading tragedy. The deification of Nature is sensuality, sordidness, cowardice, injustice, inhumanity; the deification of abstract Spirit is superstition, mysticism, asceticism, the creation of fanatics, and devotees, and hermits, the destruction of the whole majesty of the commonwealth. Either may be the confounding of law with tyranny, or of liberty with license. So long as either endures, so long is man divided from his ideal, and subject to tumult.

Now, according to the theory above assumed, we are to suppose that Jesus, in the crisis we are considering, attained the idea in which this contradiction, with its whole brood of dissensions, forever vanishes. We are to suppose he saw — by how gradual a process we need not ask — that Nature and Spirit are only the correlative constituents of true Being; that their whole validity lies in this correlation; that each is realized only in the other — Nature in and *for* Spirit, Spirit in and *through* Nature — so that all real existence is the unity which absorbs them both, — the self-existent Consciousness, or Person, who, in the exhaustless system of creation, defines Himself according to His absolute Reason. In short, we are to suppose he saw that the reconciliation of Nature and Spirit is God, and

that they are nothing but the phantom Twain implied in that *quasi* severance into Subject and Object, which is the essence of His personality. We are to suppose he saw, therefore, that man solves the problem of life, when first he consciously aspires to God as the real essence of the soul and body which unite in him, that, in the phrase of the early Lutherans, "the finite is capable of the Infinite"; that each man must aim to bring into his own person that correlation of Nature and Spirit, which the divine Personality contains. Nature, that is, must be sought, and held only as the product and form of Spirit, — its destiny is in the latter; Spirit is its own destiny but only by means of defining itself in Nature. Spirit is the determinant, the creative, the *end*, but Nature is the inevitable *means*: so that, although it is forever transformed by Spirit, the transformation is itself a new nature, and Nature abides as the image of the Absolute.

Apart from the pedantic technicalities in which philosophy strives to express it, we may suppose that the foregoing was the insight at which Jesus arrived in the Temptation. And because, in his case, to see was to believe; because, through previous meditation, devotion, and action, he had already come to a ripeness of character, which other men have rarely, if ever, reached, and which filled him with an expectant reverence and love of the truth — this insight not only enlightened his thought, but quickened his whole being. Thus the absolutely solvent thinking became the absolutely solvent living; the absolute Light became the absolute Life, which again, in its turn, was to become the light of men: the eternal "*Reason became Flesh*." And so Jesus was assured of his mediatorial person; for he thought the divine thought, he loved with the divine love, he reconciled in deed, as well as in truth, that seeming divorce of the finite from the infinite, which is the source of all human wrong and disaster. He ascended out of temptable morality into untemptable holiness. Conscious that his form of being henceforth stood for either God or man, he surrendered himself, without reserve, to the power of his unexampled experience. That experience, being man's, was *for* men. The idea, which it embodied, he accordingly began at once to proclaim, expressing it in such phrases as the *Kingdom of Heaven*, the *Life Eternal*, or the *Birth from Above*. Not that the conception of the divine kingdom rose upon his mind for the first time, in the Temptation, but at this final stage in his experience, by settling the dilemma which ensues upon the rise of that conception, made it for the first time fully *real* to him, and enabled him to impart it to his fellowmen, not out of thinking merely, but out of life. Hence, while he was *possessed* by it, he also assuredly *possessed* it; so that, although he went to his work with a perfect enthusiasm, he went with one that was steadfast and still, having entire forethought, free, and above every suspicion of fanaticism.

Instead, then, of holding with the author of *Eccle Homo* that Christ's temptation was "the excitement of his mind which was caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power," we say rather that it was the conflict excited in his soul by the nascent consciousness of representative divine manhood.

Such being the theory of the Temptation *a priori*, we may now proceed to substantiate it as fact by developing the narrative in detail. This narrative, it will be remembered, divides the Temptation into three distinct stages. The first question then, is — In what sense is this division to be taken? Our author treats it as denoting three distinct *temptations* — three separate suggestions of the selfish instinct, moving Christ to use his newly discovered miraculous power for ends not merely selfish, but trivial. The first, he regards as the suggestion that Jesus should degrade his powers in order to sate his pressing hunger — a craving which he might satisfy by natural means: to pass the laws of nature for its sake, was therefore needless, and involved the guilt of caprice. The second, he considers as the suggestion that Jesus should wilfully suspend the law of gravitation, in respect to his own body, showing by the act that he held in his grasp the final forces of nature, and could therefore, at pleasure, defy the Creator himself. The third, he interprets as the suggestion that Jesus should use *force* — the force of miraculous agency — in establishing, both in doctrine and in fact, the universal kingdom which he had conceived. But this view only presents in detail the notion, already criticised, that the Temptation was of a form peculiar to Jesus — an experience which did not put him at all in possession of the crucial experiences of mankind. We need not more than advert to its obvious literalism, — a literalism absolutely rigid, except in the case of the third temptation, where the meaning attributed seems, upon the premises assumed, far-fetched: yet these premises themselves, it should be noted, are taken in a strictly literal sense. We merely advert, too, to the dualism between God and the creation which its mode of regarding the suspension of physical laws plainly implies: — a dualism which has no place in real philosophy. We must look to displace it rather by the force of the greater naturalness with which the three stages of the narrative adapt themselves to the representative character we have attributed to the event which they express.

But in passing now to this proposed positive treatment of the narrative, we must search for its substance and judge by its suggestions rather than follow its mere forms. We must bear in mind the fact that its forms and phraseology are more or less the product of the temperament and circumstances of those who first composed, and those who finally compiled, the gospels. With this in view, if we assume (what is by far the most in keeping with the gradual development of Christ's personality, and with general probabilities) that the narrative hints at an epoch, — a series of closely kindred experiences — it is easy to explain, or rather it is natural to expect, the peculiar specifications of the story as we have it. Supposing (for the present as a mere hypothesis) that Jesus during such an epoch passed through the supreme dilemma we have before explained, doubtless its several phases would rise again and again upon his mind. Doubtless, too, certain situations would, more than others, stir within him these darkling moods. It is even probable that *three* specific situations in which he found himself during these days of solitary gloom, — say literally the three named in the narrative — would be the scenes, and so become the occasions, of the

most decided and characteristic of these mental conflicts. Naturally, these situations would be inseparably associated in Christ's memory with his inward struggle, and be confided during the seasons of most sacred intimacy to his disciples, as the vivid centres about which the elements of that struggle grouped themselves. It is equally natural that these disciples, filled as their minds were with Rabbinical presuppositions, should take literally what he used symbolically, should confound the symbolized experience with its occasions, and (especially after years of separation from him) record their impressions in phrases bearing the emphasis of their own minds rather than of his.

There being, then, in the narrative nothing that may not be readily accounted for under the supposition that a whole period of mental commotion is intended, let us yield to the presumption in favor of naturalness, and assume at once that we are to interpret the Temptation as an *epoch* rather than an *event*. Under this assumption, the three stages of the narrative become not so much *chronological* as *logical*. And this, we believe, is the sense in which the threefold divisions should be taken. It expresses the three successive forms in which the dilemma of Nature and Spirit arises, accordingly as we assume the one or the other of its alternate abstractions to be the whole truth, or else annul their real unity by inverting the order of their dependence—accordingly as we mistake (1) Nature for Real Being; or (2) the abstract Spirit for Real Being; or (3) assume Real Being to consist in a unity in which Nature controls Spirit. According to this view, the first stage of the narrative should represent Christ as perplexed by the abstraction of Nature, and seeing through it to the reality of Spirit. The second, should represent him as involved in the abstraction of Spirit, and seeing through that to the reality of Nature. The third, should represent him as beset by the tendency to put Nature as the end of Spirit, but passing to the conviction that Spirit, in true being, directs Nature by an ever capable Reason.

That the narrative actually implies all this, may be shown very briefly. Thus, in the first scene with Satan, Christ is represented as being tempted to sink the powers of the Son of God in obtaining bread—the expressive symbol of physical sustenance, and therefore of the world of Nature as the sum of man's being: he resists, and that too on the ground that man lives by every word proceeding from God—the expressive symbol of the world of Thought. In the second, he is represented as being taunted with such an absorption in the world of Thought, as should lead him to despise Nature, ignore its laws,—of which the falling body is the symbol—and rest content with the soul, though the body utterly perish: he declines the implied challenge, on the ground, too, that to accept, it is to tempt God—is to imperil that very Absolute who defines himself in Nature, and not without it. In the third, he is represented as being urged to win the “kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof”—the expressive symbol of the ideal Human Commonwealth made subject to the mere authority of Jesus as an individual—in the interest of the selfish instinct, the very intensest expression of Nature: but he declares that men shall worship God

alone — that the world of sense shall in no form, not even in his own person, displace as the ideal of men that absolute Personality in whose self-existence Spirit incessantly triumphs over Nature.

But the meaning of the narrative will not come out completely, nor in all its bearings on the greatest spiritual conflicts of man in the historic progress, until the events which it symbolizes appear in their natural sequence, rising out of the antecedent circumstances of Christ. Let us, therefore, at some length, review these events in their probable connections, endeavoring to supply the links which have dropped beneath the surface of the narrative, and to bring out the real relations of the events to the office their great subject has fulfilled for the world.

We are to suppose, then, that before the beginning of the epoch with which we are concerned, Jesus had arrived at all the preparatory conceptions, and had attained the elements of the character, by virtue of which he came out of the epoch victorious. The combined influences of his temperament, his lot in life, his surroundings, his national antecedents, and the peculiar mental and moral atmosphere of his time, reacting upon his powerful genius, had enabled him to fathom the secret of Moses and the prophets, and to compass the real meaning of that Divine Kingdom which the former had endeavored to image in rites, and which the latter had sung. Already his insight had pierced beyond the mere nationalism that too surely encrusted the conceptions of the Jewish sages. His vision swept abroad over universal humanity. He recognized in man, simply *as* man, the sure presence of that divine Reason whose special grace the national bards had vaunted as Israel's alone. He already saw, from a distance at least, the idea of the Universal Commonwealth — the one and catholic Church. He saw, that is to say, that the Absolute is in the world ; — that, in the solidarity of man. He proceeds by infallible stages toward the realization of His own being. But, whatever he had settled, one great question still remained, — In what relation was he himself to stand toward his Church of the World ? He asked himself, for how much of the historic consciousness his own consciousness was to stand ; — how far was the divine Personality that inspired this universal movement, to have expression in *him*. And supposing, as he forefelt, that his consciousness was to stand typical of the whole of history, thus calling him to the prime ministry of the world, — what principle should he proclaim as the ideal of human personality, and as the guide of his administration ? With the rise of this question, he enters the epoch which the Temptation denotes. And it is doubtless at this juncture that we find him in Bethabara, beyond Jordan, in deep communion with a companion of his earlier years — the Baptist.

To him, probably, in the course of repeated interviews, he confided his insight into the real meaning of the law and the prophets. He opened to John the idea of the world-wide Commonwealth which dissolved into its catholic unity not only the spiritual result of the East summed up in Judæa, but that of the West also, as summed up in Greece and Rome. In this universal conception, the Baptist saw that all partial ones were held in solution, — that all the truth they contained was realized in this alone. In

the light of it, he saw Judaism, and even his own spiritual interpretations of Judaism, dissolve away. He saw but too plainly that the repentance he had preached was merely ethical—that he had looked for a moral regeneration which implied nothing more than sincerely living a life whose form was adequately expressed in the Levitical ritual. He saw, in fact, that he had assumed Judaism to be permanent, believing that men must be conformed to *it*, not that it was to be translated into humanity. The merely preparative character of all he had hitherto done, became clear to him: moral regeneration was not the life eternal. Though it were the initial step, still to stop with it was to strip the Kingdom of Heaven of all its regal dignity—was to fail of that manhood which, in its rounded unity of religion, art, philosophy, and civil polity, rose before his newly kindled imagination, its own sufficient proof. And here, now, there stood in his presence this transcendent idea, personal, alive! Had not Jesus discerned it,—was not his whole being absorbed in it, and transfigured by it? Here, at length, was the messianic prophecy fulfilled: here was the man, who lifted Israel out of Judaism, and made them significant of the world! Here was Christ—here was he, who, “though coming after John, was preferred before him,” since he *was* before him, as the eternal and universal, is always before the provisional and partial.

Thus the Baptist became the first witness to the divine manhood of Jesus, and did not hesitate to proclaim him the Son of God. In imagination, he saw the spiritual secret of heaven opened, and the divine Self-Content descending upon Jesus in a dove-like peace, expressing the universality of the thought by which Christ rose superior to the tumult of times, conditions, and limitations, and dwelt in the truth that solved all the conflicts of human experience. In the enthusiasm of his new reading of the Levitical symbols, he accordingly exclaimed, “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!” At other times, he described Christ as having his fan in his hand—as holding the all-discerning truth, by which he would thoroughly purge the floor of the human consciousness, gathering the wheat of its abiding perfection into his garner, but burning up the chaff of its imperfections with unquenchable fire.

In these views of his old companion as to his person, Jesus gradually shared. And in the solemn sense that in his divine personality all traces of his mere individualism must be washed away, and in order to express to himself more clearly the primary dependence of that personality upon the purification of the moral consciousness, he solicited and obtained from John the rite of baptism—a rite which he saw was important as a symbol that the Baptist’s doctrine of ethical cleansing is an essential constituent in the idea of man, but which would cease to be of use so soon as the truth of that doctrine became an abiding part of public conviction. Thus was settled to the mind of Jesus the question of what relation he was to hold toward the universal Church. “The world,” he said to himself, “is the Form of God’s thinking, and I comprehend it as such.” To this final stage had the infinite Person attained in the system of His finite manifestation, namely, He was self-comprehended in an individual being, and that being

was Jesus of Nazareth. Thenceforth, this conviction rose upon Christ's mind in higher and higher degrees, and through the Temptation ripened into such an absolute identification of his own consciousness with the Reason pervading all history, that he dared to say—as indeed he had the literal right to say—“*Before Abraham was, I am.*”

• [Concluded in next Number.]

NOTES.

The Liberal Christian may boast a critic who has candor equal to his zeal. In his notice of the *May Radical*, he refers to Mr. Abbot's letter on “Creeds and Unitarianism,” and says: “There is room enough in the Unitarian household for *unlimited inquiry*, though there may not be room enough for unrestrained denial.” This is very plain, and its candor is commendable. “Unlimited inquiry” is not objected to. But such inquiry should not lead to more of “denial” than the “positive believers” within the Unitarian fold are persuaded of, and believe to be judicious. If it does, the *denial*, and not the *inquiry*, is to be “restrained.” So, Mr. Abbot, set no limits. Inquire! But, remember that “between the attitude of *modest, reverent inquiry* and that of stout assertion or denial, there is an *immense difference*.” And moreover, you should reflect, that the amount of “denial” which is “modest and reverent,” depends entirely upon *denominational exigencies*.

MR. I. N. TARBOX, writing in the *New Englander* for April, after quoting somewhat from the *Radical*, says: “We might quote many passages, going to show that these writers openly, unblushingly avow a deeper sympathy with what is known as *Infidelity*, than with what is known as *Christianity*.” We are glad of this tribute to the integrity of the *Radical* writers. If it be true that they sympathize most with ‘what is known as *Infidelity*,’ why should they *not* avow it, ‘openly and unblushingly?’ Mr. Tarbox does not, we venture, *blush* to confess his greater sympathy with *Christianity*. We should be sorry to have him or any other person do so. Let us all confess *unblushingly*!

TRANSITION. — A correspondent writes, “Mr. ———, our minister, continually announces his radicalism; but he quotes Jesus so perpetually and so solemnly that those who do not hear his other talk out of the pulpit, believe that he takes Christ in the orthodox way.”

BOOK NOTICES.

FIRST HISTORICAL TRANSFORMATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY. From the French of Athanase Coquerel, the Younger. By E. P. EVANS, Ph. D. Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer. 1867. 1 vol. 16mo.

A marked feature of the present age of the literary world is the frequent publication and rapid circulation, in Europe and America, of works written with a view to elucidate the history of the Christian religion, and in a manner wholly unprecedented for simplicity of style and liberality of thought. It is the result of an effort on the part of a few far-seeing minds to popularize the extensive researches of Biblical critics, and to enforce the conclusions of practical philosophers; and though bigoted sectaries of all churches and nations condemn these expositions of a common sense religion, the majority of readers feel that the times are ripe for the reception of the pure Christianity of Christ, as distinguished from the ponderous accretions of ignorance and prejudice which men have shaped into systems of belief and worship, and then pronounced divine. Among works of this class, the most celebrated thus far is *Ecce Homo*, the distinguishing and most admirable trait of which essay is its entire freedom from dogmatic assertion and the absence of all trace of the limitations of creed in its declarations. It is written with enthusiasm, but without passion; and the individual opinions of the author are merged in the universal interest of his theme. All persons, excepting those utterly blinded by fanaticism, must recognize the sublime purity, the tender benevolence, the unselfish devotion of the author's thought; and because his book appeals to the general need of souls it will not fail to bring consolation and faith to many and diverse natures. The would-be rival of these sunny pages, *Ecce Deus*, is successful only in so far as it follows this brilliant example in breadth of range and liberality of sentiment. It is a feeble echo of this clear song of freedom, an echo made weaker and more discordant through encounter with the hard wall of mystic theology.

But a more fitting companion to that first and hitherto unique work is to be found in the record of the *First Historical Transformations of Christianity*, by Athanase Coquerel the Younger, now rendered accessible to the readers of English through Prof. Evans' elegant and strictly faithful translation. To those who have followed the development of religious liberty in our own day, the name of Coquerel is a synonym for integrity, fortitude and moderation, as well as for sound learning, rare eloquence and childlike piety. The generation preceding us had learned the virtue and sufferings of the father, and now the son is his companion and worthy successor in patient labor, as in unmerited persecution.

The object of this really remarkable work is to present a plain condensed narrative of the establishment of Christianity, and the transformations which it has undergone through the influence of powerful individual minds and prevailing institutions, since the time of its Founder. This plan

involved no easy task, and the amount of learning and historical research displayed, or rather, concealed under the simple language and calm statements of this little book, is marvelous; while the singular purity and terseness of its style serves to strengthen the convictions resulting from its well-founded assertions. Many of the sentences carry the condensed form and sly wit of an epigram, without losing in the least the sincerity and earnestness which characterize the author's mind, and give tone to his expressions. The same conscientious care is shown in the arrangement of the various topics comprised in the general scope; each natural division of the subject being marked by chapters and sections, and the argument in every case completed under its appropriate head.

This work differs from most others on religious matters in abstaining almost entirely from any reference to prevailing opinions and foregone conclusions. It does not set up a collection of existing beliefs in order to overthrow them, but proceeds with refreshing simplicity and startling candor to state what history declares to be true respecting the origin and development of Christianity, apparently ignoring the fact that the results of its researches will be in decided opposition to what the church calls orthodoxy, and the majority of Christendom has long received as incontrovertible. The prevailing thought may be succinctly expressed by the quotation which closes the long and interesting preface: "*The Christianity of men has always been greatly inferior to the Christianity of God; the most fearful crises which have shaken or engulfed the former have been for the latter only a renascence and a rejuvenation.*"

The author opens his history by calling attention to the increased interest in religious questions which is now manifested by all thoughtful persons in every nation. He declares the importance of these questions, and the right of each individual to examine and decide upon them without any interference on the part of Church or State. Having thus, as it were, summoned his audience from the ends of the world, he unfolds before us the record of his studies and meditations. He shows that the law of evolution is as constant and powerful in the moral, as in the physical world, that every religion has its real and sufficient reason for existing, since it answers to some need in the souls which embrace it, and when it can no longer minister to this need, it dies and gives place to a higher revelation. Thus the mythology of Greece and Rome, itself the result of many contributions of thought from various sources and for a long series of ages, prepared the way for the establishment of the "Kingdom of heaven" as proclaimed by Christ. This it did, both by what it taught, and by what it failed to teach. Men's minds had outgrown everything that Paganism could offer, and their aspirations demanded a purer atmosphere of spiritual ideas. There are many who deem it impious to acknowledge that "Christianity did not fall from heaven like an ærolite"; but less prejudiced and more logical minds will rejoice to recognize the working of natural law in even this most wonderful manifestation.

When Christ came, he adapted his message consciously and intentionally

to the wants of mankind in every age. The truth that was in him was too pure and penetrating to be restricted by the limits of Jewish exclusiveness, or to serve for a single political condition. It was an appeal to the universal sentiment of love ; love to God, whose Fatherhood it was his especial mission to reveal ; love to man, which he was able to exemplify in a perfect manner. This was all ; a living principle which should search and try mankind more thoroughly than any other test could do, and by the influence of which all human institutions should be gradually renovated and purified.

Christ founded no church, promulgated no doctrine, dictated no creed. He left no writings ; and our accounts of him depend entirely upon records prepared many years after his death, and necessarily colored by the individual dispositions of the authors and the prevalence of traditionary stories. Those who wish to rely upon the letter of Scripture smooth away this difficulty by asserting the inspiration of its contents. But inspiration can no more be explained than it can be proved ; and perhaps the most refreshing trait in this brave little book is the fearless impartiality with which apostolic declarations are judged according to the characters of the writers, and the peculiarities of the times in which they lived.

Thus Paul is shown to be a bold reformer, sincere, earnest, impassioned ; too noble indeed for his age, and requiring a later day for the triumph of his idea of liberty. Yet his doctrine of predestination was a mistake, into which he naturally fell, through his zeal to deny the exclusive right of the Jews to the favor of Heaven : the theory was a long step in advance at the time of its announcement, though lamentably insufficient and mischievous as a standard for succeeding ages.

The theology of James is characterized as narrow and Judaical, a conservative force, needed perhaps, to restrain the spiritual fervor of the Pauline theology, but in itself far from comprehending the grand thought of the Master.

The gospel of John, bearing alike in its history and in its style the suggestion of other authorship besides his whose name it bears, is deeply imbued with the dreamy philosophy of the Gnostics, and has always been the delight of contemplative, rather than a stimulus, to aggressive minds.

Peter is the man of compromise, yielding to the superstitious tendencies of christianized Jews, only half emancipated from the yoke of the law, and entailing upon the church through the influence of Rome, where his principles, or rather his policy, was early adopted, a fearful inheritance of legal observances which still holds power wherever the form is allowed to supersede the spirit of religion. The author's sketch of the transformations of Christianity, from the days of the apostles, to the close of the fourth century is curious and intensely interesting.

Those minds which are too spiritual to require the dictation of rites and ceremonies, and which recognize the injury these are doing in the world wherever they are made of paramount importance, will rejoice to trace the origin of many still existing superstitions to the introduction of a vast crowd

of converted idolators into the early church who, though they have been sincere in their new professions, could not overcome the tastes and habits of a former *cultus*. It is a comforting suggestion to learn, for instance, that much of the paraphrenalia of formalistic churches is borrowed from the worship of Pagan divinities; that statues and pictures considered sacred only answered to former reverence for the banished gods, while in many cases these fabled creations were actually combined with representations of New Testament characters; that the crucifix was not employed as a sacred emblem till the end of the seventh century; that the relics of martyrs and saints only superceded those of pagan heroes; that feast-days and fast-days were at first arranged to give a better direction to the inveterate habits of former attendants upon the Saturnalia and other degrading festivals; while the gradual transformation of the Lord's Supper into an exclusive and mysterious sacrament, and the idea of Christ as a supreme Victim, were only a too evident return to the secret associations of the Greeks and Romans, and to the belief in expiatory sacrifices common to both Jews and Pagans, before the thought of Christ had dawned upon the world.

The adoration of the Virgin was a gradual innovation. Her Virginity was not even suggested till the fourth century, and it was not till the church had declared her to be the mother of God (in refutation of the theory of two natures, upheld by Nestorius), that pictures began to be multiplied in which she was represented as holding the infant Jesus in her arms, precisely after the manner of the goddess Isis and her son Horus in Egypt, with whose appearance St. Cyril, a zealous supporter of the innovation, had long been familiar.

The story of the miraculous birth of Christ, though recorded by Matthew and Luke, is totally ignored by Paul and John. It is a curious fact that many remarkable characters of antiquity have been honored by legendary authority with a supernatural birth and parentage. John and Paul declare the divinity of Christ, though Paul in no case asserts his equality with the Father. There were prevalent at first three theories respecting the nature of Jesus, each intended to explain the wonderful perfection of his character and his unexampled power over the souls of men. One of these theories was that the Holy Spirit had descended upon him at the moment of his baptism, and remained; another, that he was born of a Virgin through the influence of the Holy Ghost; the third, that he was the incarnate Word which had long been the subject of religious speculation in Judea, Egypt, and Greece. The church accepted all three theories, and combined them into that idea of the Trinity which is the standard of Orthodoxy to this day.

The Creed, falsely called the Apostles', was composed for the purpose of declaring the belief of the reigning party in the Church, and of denying the assertions of certain heretical bodies outside of its pale.

The famous protest of Arius was against, not the divinity of Christ, as is generally supposed, but his eternity. It was the last struggle of monotheism against the polytheistic spirit which so early obtained possession of the Church.

But limited time and space forbid a more comprehensive sketch of this fearless and truthful history. Although many statements are therein made which will jar upon Orthodox feeling, still the author cannot justly be blamed for their publication, since the whole subject is a matter of history, and the proof is within reach of every man.

Personal prejudices have evidently nothing to do with the motive of the work; and throughout all its discussions, as in the eloquent and touching conclusion, the main idea, the urgent demand is, that the religion of love which Christ proclaimed may be restored to its primitive purity, and thus be enabled to exert its full and sufficient influence. E.

BREATHINGS OF A BETTER LIFE. Edited by LUCY LARCOM. Ticknor & Fields.

This handsome little book contains on its fair pages a selection of beautiful passages of spiritual thought and feeling. Ranged under headings of The Kingdom Within; The open Eye and Ear; The Way of Access; Life Eternal; Shadows; The True Light; Bearing the Cross; The New Commandment; Rest and Joy; Fulness of Life; The Illumined Gateway; The Glory Beyond; are presented the themes of inward Life, of Inspiration, Sorrow, Love, Obedience, Death and Immortality. The key note is struck in the opening sentence from Tauler, "I have a power in my soul which enables me to perceive God. I am as certain as that I live that nothing is so near to me as God. He is nearer to me than I am to myself." There follow paragraphs from so wide a range of works as Augustine, Fenelon, John Woolman, Robertson, Channing, Faber, Keble, Zschokke, Beecher, Emerson, Bushnell, and others: with hymns of Keble, Faber, Johnson, Eliza Scudder, &c. The selections are of very unequal value, but many of them touch the very quick of spiritual life. It is interesting to see how writers of such various beliefs when they soar high enough to free their wings from ecclesiastical bonds and traditional theologies, sound the one song of common Faith. They see the great catholic Truth which fulfils the old formula, "*quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*"; the truth of which men in all ages and of all creeds have had more or less clear vision, — the truth of the immediate nearness of God to man, and his indwelling in the human spirit. The theology of this book is, in the main, good; but it is not quite consistent; the wings are not always free. There is an element of *Christism*, which will make the book of course more acceptable to many. But we should wish to put the name of God in many places where we find another name. S. L.

LESSONS FROM THE WORLD OF MATTER AND THE WORLD OF MAN. By THEODORE PARKER. Selected from Notes of unpublished Sermons, by Rufus Leighton. Boston: Published by Charles W. Slack. 1867. Received from Adams & Co.

This book is among the most valuable of Mr. Parker's works, and about the only one it is now possible to purchase. Why all of his works are not accessible to the public at the present time, is a question of daily recurrence.

It seems to be a blunder not easily accounted for. The reader found in the last number of the *Radical*, some of the "winged thoughts," which Mr. Leighton's phonographic notes so opportunely saved. No one can open this book to read at any passage and not feel how this man was all alive with all the great themes that touch profoundly the hearts of men. Those dwelt upon here are grouped under the following heads: "The Material World and Man's Relation thereto"; "The Nature of Man"; "Traits and Illustrations of Human Character and Conduct"; "Phases of Domestic Life"; "Education"; "Human Institutions and National Life"; "The Power and Endurance of what is Noblest in Man"; "Human Progress"; "Jesus of Nazareth"; "Man in his Religious Aspects." "The Selections," Mr. Leighton says, "have been made from the Sermons of ten years, extending from 1849 to 1859." The reader may be surprised to find that this man who seemed always to be striking blows that went straight home, at the "Orthodox Scheme," yet wove constantly the fabric of a natural religious life. The affrighted public has not yet recovered sufficiently to see more than his terrible battle-axe.

Not long since a clergyman sketched for us a scene that occurred in the "Ladies' Sewing Circle" of his parish. He now and then dropped in to read a little while the ladies were at work. On the occasion referred to he took a volume of Parker and quietly read a fine passage. There was profound attention. One lady, who had never found words emphatic enough to express her horror of Parker, — "the greatest '*Anti-Christ*' that ever lived," — laid down her work and sat entranced. The urgent inquiry made as soon as he had done reading, was, of course, "Who wrote that?" When he announced the author's name, there was great surprise manifest on every countenance. But this lady, so intensely interested, in half-suppressed tones, exclaimed, "What? — *Parker!*" Then, resting back in her chair, continued, "I'd never have thought it. But it *is* good, anyway. I don't know but its as good as anything *Channing* ever wrote, on the same subject."

EDITOR.

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.

If it be true that in times past there has appeared any considerable class of "reformers" who have had only "destructive" purposes at heart, that fact must be set down as one of those "tendencies," which the present time is not to be called to account for. If there are any such people to-day, we do not fall in with them. Yet we happen, now and then, to meet with some who bear the odium of being "furious in their crusade against all good things." If you say to one of these men, "*Why* do you so?" lo, he warms up and seems the most positive preacher of an "excellent cause." "I deny," he says, "because what I affirm is itself a denial of much that passes as orthodox, wise, and good." A man must have back of his protest some (to him) commanding affirmation. But those who are not in his secret, see and hear but the protest itself. That sweeps away all *they* depend on. It is easy for such to believe the man has no other motive. The

abolitionists sustained such reproaches until the nation saw that there was nothing to say for slavery but to protest against it. Mr. Garrison did not need to "build." Room, Liberty! The people thus emancipated would build for themselves; he then, a fellow-citizen, working peacefully with them.

We do not say that every man who protests, has necessarily a right conception of that which must be built. No matter. Did he not think he saw something better than that established, he would not long keep his breath as a protestant, if ever he gained it. Perhaps the *Boston Investigator* will not feel itself thrust out into the cold, if we speak of it as "occupying a position on the extreme left," and make bold to quote a few sentences from its pages to show that even a professed "infidel" publication has high purposes for Humanity in view. This journal has just completed its *thirty-seventh* volume. In referring to the fact, the Editor announces, "It is a paper devoted to the improvement and welfare, in every conceivable rational manner, of Humanity on Earth, which, of course, fits the race for Heaven — if there should happen to be one."

Here is a paper as 'infidel' as any in the land, we suppose, and yet no unprejudiced reader can fail to find in its pages a great moral earnestness — even a *religious* devotion — in a cause it deems worthy of any sacrifice man can make. The following has no uncertain, or *immoral* sound, if we may so speak :

"The cause of Humanity needs such papers as the INVESTIGATOR, and will continue to need them, as long as ignorance, intolerance, and superstition shall darken the bright heaven of Truth. Our moral skies are yet overshadowed with clouds of error, which hang like a weighty incubus on the fair prospect of man's progression, and the kindling light of reason should be hailed as the blessed messenger of man's redemption from the dismal reign of priestly terror. In this light we hope always to see our paper go forth, smiling as it were, in the sunshine of a cheering prosperity, unawed and undimmed by the fierce storms of sectarian bigotry. The influence of the press for good or evil is truly powerful when considered in view of the susceptibilities of the youthful mind; and so long as the world is filled with erroneous appeals to prejudice and the insane traditions of ignorant times, it is desirous, we think, to give encouragement to Liberal heralds of free inquiry, to arrest the tell swoop of blind fanaticism that stalks wantonly over the hopes of mankind. The minds of all (and especially of the young) must be protected from the chilling blasts of falsehood, and nurtured in the kindly influence of goodness and truth, if we wish to give tone and effect to the great cause of Humanity. Let all good Liberals, then, arouse to a sense of duty, in extending the influence of a free and independent press, in the glowing hope of man's restoration to reason — the true characteristic of a MAN."

It will not do to denounce earnest men, or women, because they have come to the conclusion that some idol of ours, we are offering them to be worshipped, needs rather to be broken. They may be utterly mistaken; but it is best to acquit them of evil designs, and not suffer ourselves to grow sad when they go at large and seem as respectable as ourselves. If there is not room for us all, God has made a mistake.

EDITOR.